THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE HOLY YEAR

IN COMMENTING, in these pages of our last week's issue, on the fact that the new year had opened on a Sunday, we advanced some suggestions to our fellow members of the Catholic laity concerning the need to prove in action that religion was more than a one-day-in-the-week affair, and that the spirit and practice of Christianity should permeate the whole year of crisis which we are entering. As what we wrote was being printed there came a radio message from Rome, sent out to the whole world, to the effect that 1933 had been proclaimed a Holy Year of Jubilee by the Pope. We could only refer to this great news in a line or two added as a postscript to our editorial. "It is a call to Christendom," we wrote, "commensurate with the gravity of the crisis in its affairs. Our own feeble speculations are displaced by glorious certainties of positive action."

Speaking through the Vatican radio to all the world —"to all humanity, for all of whom Jesus Christ has paid the price of redemption and opened the fountains of grace"—the Pope reviewed briefly yet most movingly, both the particular sorrows and consolations which the closing year had brought to him, and the general conditions of the world. Foremost among his sorrows, of course, are "the sad and iniquitous conditions" of the Church in Spain, Mexico and Russia. Yet "no less dolorous is the sorrow" caused by the world-wide continuation of "so many divisions and conflicts among peoples and states, not excepting the horrors of war and of civil war and consequent continuance if not worsening of a universal financial and economic crisis without precedent in history and in which what is most deeply felt and most painful is the suffering of the poor classes and of the workers, because they are the most needful and most worthy of the aid of social justice and Christian charity."

The Holy Father sets against the sorrows such consolations as the triumphant success of the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, the wonderful development of the missions, "in spite of unheard-of world difficulties," the great extension of Catholic Action, and "the heroic faithfulness and constancy, often of real martyrdom," shown by bishops and priests, monks and nuns, "and also by the simple faithful in the countries previously named (Spain, Mexico and Russia), splendid pages that the Church of God already is inserting among the most glorious and edifying ones of its history."

Turning then to the future, the Holy Father pro-

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claims the Holy Year of Jubilee, which will set the year 1933 in a place of its own in the history of the Church. He recalls the fact that the year 1933 "is that which the common opinion of the faithful identifies unhesitatingly" as the year which marks the nineteenth centenary of the death of Jesus Christ. Around that event clusters all the foundations of Christianity—the institution of the Eucharist, the first communion, the initiation of the Apostles into the priesthood, the primacy conferred on Peter, the Resurrection and Ascension, "the coming of the Holy Ghost, the triumphant beginning of the apostolic preaching." From all this proceeded "the true renaissance of the world."

It was an interesting coincidence that not only the Pope, but one of the world's leading statesmen, our own Senator Borah, in a Christmas radio address, broadcast in Europe as well as in America, should have sought to turn the thoughts of mankind back again to Christ. After eloquently—with that true eloquence which is the adequate expression of sincere emotion and truth-speaking—portraying the desolate lot of the unnumbered millions for whom Christmas was "a season of severe privation, of deep anxiety," Senator Borah went on to say:

"Men may, and do, dispute the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth; science may seek to impeach the authenticity of His inspired mission, but no sane man or woman will undervalue the transcendent beauty and the incalculable worth of the rules of human conduct which He announced during His brief ministry on earth.

"To the extent that these rules and precepts are accepted and put in practice, peoples and nations advance in the scale of civilization and in human happiness. To the extent, and in proportion that these rules and precepts are disowned, or discarded, people and nations descend toward the dead level of barbarism and of human misery.

"Humanity was the foundation rock upon which the Man of Galilee built His enduring creed, humanity broad enough and practical enough to encompass and administer to all kinds of human suffering and every form of human frailty—'healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.'

"His admonitions and His teachings appeal to us this Christmas eve with irresistible force. Everything combines to accentuate this fundamental principle of His creed.

"There has been no time in our own country when these teachings seemed so essential for the preservation of society. What retribution may follow upon our failure to observe these rules and to meet the obligations imposed upon each and all, one dare not prophesy. Surely, in every sense it is a pentecostal hour."

With a most genuine desire to welcome the great measure of truth contained in Senator Borah's words, and to coöperate with him and with all men of goodwill in a common effort to apply that truth, Catholics must still ask themselves whether that sort of Christian action is adequate? Is it not because the divinity of Christ has been rejected by so large a part of the governing forces of the world that the world is in its present condition of misery and bewilderment? Truly, Christ was a man—but also He was, and is, God as well as man. His words are commands, and not merely opinions, or guesses, or theories. His mandate was from God to man. He was not just one man—even if the greatest and best of all men—speaking to others, giving an example to others. So He was, and so He did. But always He was what He was, said what He said, did what He did, out of the fullness and finality of His Godhead. It is to this complete Christ that the Pope seeks to recall the world. At any rate, he would recall his own children of the Church to the central truth of Christianity—its divine message of redemption through Christ and His Church in this nineteenth centenary of his death, and the birth of His Church. Says our Holy Father:

"For this reason a dutiful and beneficent observance is desired by very many men, and it will be no slight benefit that the world should not hear any longer and practically not talk about conflicts, antagonisms, lack of confidence, armaments and disarmaments, damages and reparations, debts and payments, moratoriums and insolvencies, economic and financial interests, individual miseries and social miseries—that it should not only not hear these notes but instead those of high spirituality and of a strong recall to the life and interests of souls, of the dignities and preciousness of these souls in the blood and grace of Christ, of the fraternity of all men divinely united in the same blood, of the saving mission of the Church toward humanity, of all other holy thoughts and holy elevations which cannot disassociate themselves from the divine deeds which will be the object of this centenary."

WEEK BY WEEK

Getting into Shape

APPARENTLY a command has gone forward from the headquarters of the President-elect that the Congress now assembled must at least attempt to put the house in order for a new administration. At all events, this is assumed to be the motive behind a vigorous move to confer upon the President full power to reorganize governmental machinery. Hand in hand with the plan for economy thus announced goes Mr. Roosevelt's professed hostility to the sales tax and his conviction that other sources of revenue can be found to balance the budget. As a result of both developments speculation has been rife as to whether the incoming government is thinking of mild inflation. The "other sources of revenue" might be further nuisance taxes, proceeds from a legalized liquor traffic and a few other levies. Nevertheless there are very few observers who feel that such taxation would suffice, even though large savings were effected in the cost of government and in veterans' re-

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lief. For our part, however, we believe that the Roosevelt plans for economy are incompatible with any inflationary scheme whatsoever, and that furthermore the opposition of the country as a whole to every form of "balloon money" is too strong to be disregarded. There are practicable forms of deflation not yet tried, and among them none is sounder or more favorably viewed than readjustment of the public debt at lower interest levels. This is the simplest, the soundest and the most social of all devices for reducing government expenditures.

In Anticipation

FOLIAGE grows more spectacular just before it falls, fruit is fruitiest just before it decays. Reading backward from this sign—even if we disregard such slight supplementary testimony as the late wet landslide and the later congressional vote for beer—are we not justified in supposing that the Volstead Act will soon be no more than a fragrant memory? For it is reported that enforcement agents in San Francisco were instructed, on New Year's Eve, to confiscate all "vehicles" used for the transportation of intoxicants, including the trousers of transporters; and here, in our own bailwick, the federal government has just lost, by dismissal, its first attempt in this federal district to padlock a restaurant because it sold "set-ups," i.e., ice and mineral water, which guests thereafter mixed with their own self-toted stimulants. Report saith not whether any inhabitant of San Francisco actually lost his trousers, but it would not add much to the effect if he had; the clownish conception of law and of police prerogative behind the original instructions marks them as mellow fruitage, even in the Volstead crop. As to the attempt to close the Central Park Casino for a year, though it admittedly does not sell intoxicants or permit disorderly conduct, that is one of those ultimate, fanatical applications of the Act which have been made in places where there is some pretense at enforcement and some coherent core of teetotal sentiment. The last days of the poverty-riddled, prohibition-repudiating year of 1932 were a perfect time to pick for spending taxpayers' money trying it on a wet center of the nation.

A View of American Catholicism

EUROPEAN impressions of life in the United States are numerous and sometimes annoying. But now and then a spectator from abroad sums up what he has observed with so much regard for reality and so great an inner sympathy that his words interest us almost more than do the conclusions to which we ourselves have arrived. An instance is the very intelligent essay which Baron Robert von Keller has contributed recently to *Hochland,* the Munich review. He is, of course, anxious to present as comprehensive a view as possible and so includes material familiar to every American Catholic and unnecessary to outline here. It is in his estimate of the general cultural situation in which the Church finds herself today that Von Keller is really striking. "A crisis in the outlook upon life," he thinks, is discernible—a crisis in which the various intellectual movements of the nineteenth century are entangled, each working itself out to a logical conclusion. Religion is under fire, largely because Protestantism, once dominant, now retains only a "moral shell" from within which the dogmatic, religious kernel has been lost. This does not mean either the inevitable triumph of naive positivism nor the decay of spiritual life outside the Church, but it does mean that the new culture—that most important environment of faith—has been constituted apart from religious influences.

"IT IS clear," he says, "that a tremendous responsibility has been given, as a result of political, religious and cultural conditions, to the Catholic Church. In view of the decline of doctrine in so many confessions, the Church is today almost the only protectress of the Christian deposit of faith. Hunger for the supernatural, which is expressed in the popularity of "revivalistic" sects, can be stilled by her alone. And thus the responsibility which rests upon the Catholic minority has become a national responsibility." Baron von Keller is very generous in appraising the ways in which this responsibility had been met. He takes note of virtually all promising endeavors, and among them THE COMMONWEAL finds a place. But he can be gently critical nevertheless, and it is interesting to note that he is most so where politics are concerned. He is probably right in estimating that a measure of political action is necessary to the Church; and he feels that this has become "exceedingly difficult" not merely by reason of the attitude of those outside the Church but also because of the example given by so-called "prominent" Catholics. Neither leadership nor intelligent formulation of principle will avail, he thinks, "if it should prove impossible to arouse young people to undertake creative work in the political sphere." Those who can read German ought not to miss these two articles.

What To Do about Food

DIETITIANS are no longer the theme of mirth. On their fringes you will still find those who will not eat meat, or perhaps it is bread, or cooked vegetables, or raw fruit; who connect dieting with horoscopes, or call coffee a poison. But though these types make themselves pretty much of a nuisance, they are no longer identified with the science of food values, elements and combinations in the mind of any instructed person. That science is an important and growing one, and no social service is more commendable at present than the organized teaching of its recognized principles, especially to those families where there are children to be nourished and few dollars to do it with. We recently noted that the Children's Bureau has stressed such training in making very meager budgets stretch to cover essential and

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satisfying foods. Now an interesting experiment has just been brought to a successful conclusion—or, speaking academically, an auspicious "commencement"—by the Red Cross in New York. Fifteen housekeepers, all of them wives of disabled veterans, have received nine weeks of intensive instruction in the basic values, the proper buying and the appetizing preparation of food. Each pupil has been certified, after examination, to possess the knowledge that will give spinach and carrots, calcium and butter-fats, their proper place in the home. They even received diplomas—at a graduation party "featured," as the saying is, by food cooked by the pupils and served to the pupils' children, who attended as approving guests. When one considers that each child has the usual complement of teeth to be formed properly, legs to be kept free from rickets and growing body cells to be restrained from clamoring, the children's presence at the commencement seems the most happily symbolic thing about a very promising occasion.

UNQUESTIONABLY music education had been greatly aided by the phonograph and the radio. Both have given people who would otherwise lack such opportunities a chance to hear great music frequently and to deepen their knowledge of selected masterpieces. Immediately the thought comes to mind that acquaintance with good religious music might also be fostered in this way. The radio offers comparatively little sacred melody of the first order, due largely to the absence of choirs able to render great art excellently. But holidays usually bring something memorable, Christmas having given us, for instance, a chance to hear the bells and the chant of Beuron, in which last the meaning of Gregorian is fully revealed. The phonograph is doing its part. Several volumes of records prepared at Solesmes, at the Pius X School and elsewhere are available. A German company, sponsored by *Germania* of Berlin, has been making excellent records for several years, including several based on Maria Laach services. Now there is also a French enterprise, Disques Lumen, which offers a repertory of songs and pieces including such fine old things as Dumont's "Messe Royale." We know of nothing which could so add to the general appreciation of ecclesiastical music as wide-spread use of the educational means thus afforded.

Popularizing Religious Music

A RUGGED Dartmouth team playing with slashing offense and keen deception defeated Princeton, who were last year's champions, by 3 to 1, in a brilliant opening of the Eastern intercollegiate chess season. And a Harvard team with fight in its eyes, trampled on Yale by the score of 3½ to ½ in a manner that has inclined many sports writers and other experts of the game to believe that the red-jerseyed Cantabrigians are a formidable aggregation. Harvard, it may be recalled, prior to last year, had been winning with awful regularity. For four seasons in succession its teams had been victorious. Captain McCormick of Princeton was the only one to win for Nassau in the first set-to this year. He outplayed Wood of Dartmouth in a king's gambit and crossed the finishing line after thirty-six moves. For Dartmouth, Schwarts defeated Clearman in a Sicilian defense lasting forty-one moves, and Fowle, playing the black side of a Four Knights opening, outplayed Jackson in thirty moves. Hickham of Harvard was the first to conquer Yale, shoving past Parker with a Zukertort-Reti variation of the queen's pawn opening in forty-nine moves. Cogan, of Harvard, seeking to run around the same side of the line, was stopped by Williams, of Yale, for a draw after forty-three moves: Yale's only triumph, if it may be called that. The boys are all said to be fine examples of well-developed intellectuality, with Dartmouth and Harvard evidently a little the stronger. These historic games are doubtless an inspiration to the student bodies as a whole of the universities participating, and furnish a splendid outlet for youthful energies. On the following day, Harvard defeated Princeton in four straight games, Cogan this time playing the white side of a Giuoco Piano, much to the annoyance of Mr. Doolittle.

Sport for All

ANY SCREEN travelogue or feature producer making up a list of New Year's resolutions would be well advised to scan the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune* for December 29. Thereon, in the section devoted to readers' letters, will be found a pungent criticism of a recent film devoted to deep-sea fishing, in which the indignant writer makes two admirable points. He denounces the cruelty and the needless killing which too often characterize films of this particular type; and he objects (strongly, albeit incidentally) to the running fire of wisecracks which accompanies, as it almost invariably accompanies any, feature showing. We are with him on both counts, and if we devote this brief paragraph exclusively to the second, it is not because we think cruelty less odious than wisecracking, but because we have long felt that this form of wisecracking *is* cruelty also. It has spread with the growth of the talkies, until now one has no peace from it at any sort of feature film. Alaska or the Polynesians, China or Peru, it is all the same—time, money, often lives, are risked to get informative, extraordinary or beautiful pictures—and then the crude witticisms, the dull and childlike japes are turned on, as you might turn on water in a sink. A harpooner makes the bobbing ice-floe in a frenzied leap—and we hear, in genial falsetto: "Look out, you'll get your feet wet!" An old pilgrim stumbles wearily up the mountain toward the Buddhist shrine, so we are told: "Grandpa's tired!" Native dances, especially of barbaric or tropical peoples, are good for "Oh-Oh!" or "Here's where the tired business man of Siam gets an

Suggestion to Producers

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eyeful!" Viewing a magnificent, bearded Kurdish chieftain, we are directed to "Look at that spinach!" And so *ad nauseam*. Why? One of the film's most distinguished services is to bring these views before the untraveled public. Why must they be deliberately vulgarized?

Murder for Prohibition

THE POISONERS of old were admittedly degenerates, victims of their own lusts, or the morally subnormal, venal tools of degenerates. These creatures, however, at least had sufficient sense of proportion to be able to recognize the evil they did. As a confession of their guilt, they worked secretly. It remained for the embattled political bishops and their hatchet bearers, to make poisoning a public act, executed openly, in the name of the sovereignty of the United States. It is a comforting sign, this season, that the insane stage of prohibition fanaticism is passing from our country, and normal people with decent impulses toward their fellow citizens, and some sense of proportion in the imputing of evil to others and sacrosanct righteousness to themselves, are reasserting their direction of public affairs. The New York *Times* is able to announce proudly in a top of the page headline, the day after the Christmas holidays, "Only two deaths laid to poison liquor." Dr. Charles Norris, chief medical examiner for our largest city, is reported as saying that the alcohol poisonings for the season were the smallest in several years. *Mutatis mutandis!* How few years ago it was that the organized dry forces in Washington grimly coercing timid politicians in Congress forced the passage of a bill for the official poisoning of alcohol that might possibly be diverted to beverage purposes. The holocaust of deaths that used to result at each festive time of the year as a result of this cowardly poisoning, was a strange commentary on our country, when other civilized nations were making merry with their best liquors and the fruits of the vine. Rum punches, hot toddies, mulled wine and fine champagnes evidently are still to be denied the adult-infants of our republic; surely a great gain has been made, however, when the government does not deliberately poison its citizens any more.

Laurel and Rue

THOSE who were confident that the literary heavyweight championship of the world had been cinched once and for all for this country by James Joseph Tunney, must have felt forebodings over the recent despatch from Milan, Italy. It appears that a play which has just opened there with a fanfare of trumpets and every prospect of a rosy season, was written by one Erminio Spalla, former Italian heavyweight champion, who lasted only a few rounds in the ring with our Marine when they met some years ago. What is even less calculated to cheer the Tunney adherents is the fact that Spalla's play is a comedy—notoriously so hard a form for the unpolished novice to succeed at, that any measurable degree of success argues a very measurable degree of talent. Even Mr. Tunney never wrote a comedy; he contented himself with forming a friendship with the world's premier comedian, Bernard Shaw, and writing an autobiography. But the chiefest item of gloom is contained in the report of the specific material of the Spalla comedy. It deals, above all things, with prizefighters, the lives they lead and the jams they get into. Now, that is almost a test of literary quality. When the kitchen maid in the classic story wrote about duchesses, she wrote trash; when she was persuaded to write of the kitchen, she turned out a real and lively tale. A prizefighter who of his own initiative and free will comes before the public writing of what he knows, to wit, the prize ring, is not writing to release a social yearning; he is writing, presumably, because he can write. We salute Signor Spalla.

THE INTERREGNUM

THERE is a clearly discernible pause, almost a hush, in the world's talk of problems and conflicts. Let there be for a while, pleads the Holy Father, less frantic discussion of war debts and similar matters, and more—vastly more—thought about the ultimate realities of God's mercy and justice. In Berlin a military chancellor decreed that several thousand political prisoners, jailed under laws enacted by his predecessor's government, were to go free on Christmas eve. Paris watched the mob frenzy of several weeks ago dwindle into an earnest and calm debate of the economic and social difficulties which confront the nation. Writing in the New York *Herald-Tribune Magazine,* Sir Philip Gibbs preached a little sermon from which we quote this passage: "No mortal man knows—at least I have not met such a man—what is going to happen in the economic world. We may have to go through deeper poverty before we can catch a glimpse of the fleeting skirts of prosperity. But I am certain that we could make poverty more endurable for ourselves and others by a kind of stoic, or better still, if you like, a more Christian contempt for hardship and lean days." Never before, at least so it seems to us, was there more generous giving to those who are poor than was manifest during these past holidays.

Is all this just a passing flare-up of the Christmas spirit? One wonders. If it be so, then the Western world, in this year of grace, is more open to the mood which above all distinguished the Saviour of mankind than has been the case for some time. If it is not, then possibly we have reached a point of intellectual exhaustion and are nearing that state of wise passivity in which moral and social values may once again seem what they really are—the only genuinely important things to worry about. We may be on the verge of bothering less about machinery than about men, less about whether the gold safely tucked into a deposit box will save us during a storm of greenbacks than whether

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life can be decent and interesting even without gold. If one does not approach the recent political history of the United States with some such thoughts in mind, one's conclusions are likely to be pretty gloomy. America has behaved badly. Its intelligence is baffled not merely by a lack of constructive insight into the problems besetting the nation, but also by vicious emotional inhibitions. Government usually is at a standstill during the few months that a departing President remains in office after election day, but this year the inactivity is more pronounced than ever. Failure to amend the laws permitting such a condition is strange, and one hopes that the present superlatively thorough proof of how rudderless government can be under a hamstrung Chief Executive will speedily force a change.

Of particular significance was the inability of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt to agree upon a war debt policy. Just how the impasse was created is not yet clear, but doubtless personal and political motives played their part. If the chief point at issue had really been disagreement concerning the value of a congressional commission, it is hardly believable that the misunderstanding could not have been removed. After all that is merely a question of procedure, and any man who permitted himself to stake everything on such a detail in these parlous times would be dismissed from business as a martinet. We assume, therefore, that mutual distrust and markedly divergent views of the question separated the two men. In this respect they mirror the American people as a whole. Our public opinion is almost everywhere composed of three layers: one governed by ideas unchanged since prosperity days; a second influenced by the belief that we are all living under different conditions, which call for new plans and purposes; a third scared by developments into a private and national block-house complex. Under such circumstances the large and generous gesture of true leadership cannot be expected.

Strangely enough, this is probably not so regrettable as it may seem. If some easy compromise had been effected on December 15 concerning the debts, there might have followed a period of psuedo-confidence the last stages of which would have been worse than the first. As it is, the world has, from the economic point of view, slipped still another cog; and therefore the time when the machinery will be thoroughly overhauled, instead of being coaxed into running a bit longer by clever repairing and oiling, is just so much closer. When that time comes, war debts and almost every other kind of indebtedness will be up for revision, and the public generally will be thoroughly certain that nothing is being "pulled over" on them.

Not even a beer bill, first step toward repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, seems destined to come out of this Congress. The House, to be sure, speedily passed a bill legalizing 3.2 percent beer, but the Senate has been sluggish to respond. Evidently here again not a few would prefer letting the matter ride until Mr. Roosevelt's Democrats come marching into Washington full force. Meanwhile a rumor persists that a Hoover veto can be expected on all anti-prohibition legislation, excepting presumably the impracticable variety inserted in the late Republican platform. As we write it is, of course, still possible that the beer bill will leap like a doe over all barriers. We repeat, however, that the chances are against it.

There is still less hope for the kind of farm relief legislation which Congress has been debating. The Domestic Allotment Plan calls, as we have several times noted, for regulated production of basic farm commodities inside a graduated price-protecting system. This would undoubtedly raise the domestic cost of delivered food stuffs in several different categories, and it is therefore opposed by various urban groups. Now in behalf of the authors of this plan it may be said that they have distinctly stated the theoretical disadvantages any such proposal has over and against a policy of free trade. Their point is that in a nation and world committed to protection for industry, agriculture must fail if it does not receive compensatory aid. As it now stands, the Plan does not call for government subsidies or anything of that sort. Indeed, its sponsors are men who believe that nothing is more detrimental to the farmer than continuous hope that "Washington" will pull him out of this, that or the other hole. Domestic Allotment ought to prove the biggest prod to rural coöperation yet thought of. Accordingly we have favored it and continue to do so, convinced as we are that the nation's prosperity must eventually rest upon a widely distributed and active purchasing power. But unless the evidence so far afforded is misleading, the present Congress will leave the plan alone as if it were some especially hot coal.

It may be argued, of course, that the nation is fortunate in having a government safe from the perils of extravagant legislation. There is something in the assertion. If during the past few weeks speeches counseling outright inflation have met with little response, or if the demand for a soldiers' bonus has scarcely been made in a whisper, the reason is largely that the people and their representatives have at least educated themselves out of confidence in such futile expedients. Though we cannot move collectively, we possess some of the virtues of immobility.

The conclusion to which one arrives is that for the moment government in the United States is only technically active. Everybody is waiting for the "new idealism" of which there has been so much talk and—for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He has a truly historic opportunity. If without disregarding the rules of practical politics he can take office in a spirit of indifference to whether he is elected four years hence or not, and if as a result he is as courageous as Lincoln and as persuasive as Wilson, he may find a more responsive public than is as yet imaginable. But if we should find ourselves in another cycle of bickering, arguing and shuffling, then God help the democracy which, all of us believe, was founded in His Providence.

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WHY KILL FOREIGN TRADE?

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

The author of the following paper has lived abroad in an official capacity for many years and believes he has detected one way in which the federal government is actually hampering rather than aiding the development of our foreign trade. "Not only is the Department of Commerce now pursuing a policy which is detrimental to American business," he says, "but it is duplicating and, in many instances, thwarting the efforts of the Department of State." The proof he advances seems to us a valuable criticism of American labors abroad, but we do not identify ourselves with the views expressed.—The Editors.

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE of the United States was called into being to encourage and develop American trade. It is possible that it may be doing so at home. Having lived abroad for twenty-one consecutive years I am not in a position to express an opinion upon this score. I regret to say, however, that I am convinced that it is killing off all chances of extending American foreign trade. I can speak from my own knowledge. I feel constrained to do so, for unless we are able to get proper access to oversea markets I am afraid that our chances of getting out of the present economic morass will be considerably lessened.

Not only is the Department of Commerce now pursuing a policy which is detrimental to American business, but it is duplicating and, in many instances, thwarting the efforts of the Department of State. In other words the American taxpayer is footing two bills for the same service, and lack of coördination not only makes this double outlay useless, but often begets a contradiction that frequently kills commercial initiative. I shall not quote figures to drive home my point. I have not consulted any. I base my attack upon observation. My facts do not require statistics to give them vitality.

My postulate is that if the Department of Commerce spends millions of dollars every year to send commercial attachés abroad, and to maintain them with adequate staffs, clerical help, offices and expense allowance for travel and entertainment, the justification for this heavy outlay should be that this expense helps American trade. My argument is that: (1) this work, when efficiently performed, duplicates the service rendered by the consular officers of the United States; and (2) the foreign section of the Department of Commerce, as now administered, throttles American trade. These statements are challenging. They require proof.

The Department of State maintains two foreign services. One of them, the diplomatic branch, looks after the sovereign rights of the United States. It is made up of embassies and legations stationed at the various capitals. It handles all political questions.

The other section of the Department of State is known as the Consular Service. It has offices in most of the commercial centers of the foreign world. Its duties are to look after all American interests not specially delegated to the Diplomatic Corps, or to any other agency of the United States. One of its outstanding responsibilities is to safeguard American commerce, to report upon the trade conditions of the consular district in which it is situated, and to champion American business. The British Consular Service is under what is known as the "Board of Trade." This fact emphasizes the immediate connection between consular offices and industry. Until the Department of Commerce was created, the American Consular Service looked after the very things that President Hoover's former Bureau now handles. The Stimson machine still continues to do this same work. The result is the overlapping of two American services, double payrolls, double expense accounts, and, in many instances, confusion worse confounded.

It is too obvious to require comment or illustration, that with the Department of Commerce and the Consular Service both doing the very same work in the very same cities and districts, the American taxpayer is paying twice for the same thing. It is not so self-evident that confusion worse confounded results from this overlapping. One salient example will suffice to demonstrate the inherent risk in thus having two agencies charged with the identical responsibility.

Some few years ago the American Consul stationed at Cairo was sent on an eight weeks' tour of the Sudan. His instructions appear to have been to make an agricultural, industrial and economic survey of the country. In other words, he was told to go from place to place in the Sudan and to draw up a pen picture of the commercial possibilities of that country. I do not know what this reconnaissance cost the Department of State. The consular officer who undertook this mission is a man of large means and an official who is always ready to spend his time and money in the public interest. He may possibly have footed the bill.

About the same time that this exceptionally efficient Consul was sent to the Sudan, the Department of Commerce ordered its Alexandria Trade Commissioner to go to the same territory. He appears to have received instructions which were the counterpart of those given the other man. The two American civil servants were in the Sudan at the same time, but, by careful maneuvering, they avoided being in the same towns at the same moment. The Trade Commissioner is not a man of great wealth. It is fair to assume that his expenses were defrayed by Washington, and that they went into four figures. He came back and reported "White." He and his friend did not compare notes. They were far too loyal and conscientious for that. The State Department man reported "Black." Both could not have been right. Possibly "Grey" would have been nearer the

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truth. Frankly, I do not know. And I do not care. All that I am interested in is in pointing out that the American merchant or manufacturer reading both reports was face to face with confusion worse confounded.

Not only does this duplication of work thus lead to contradictions, which coördination might attenuate but could not obliterate, but the policy pursued by the Department of Commerce has tended to strain the morale of the Consular Service. Only those Americans who live abroad are in a position fully to appreciate the great improvements that have been made in the Consular Service of the United States during the last twenty years. This corps is now manned practically entirely by able, assiduous and attractive men who earn their salaries by an unremitting and intelligent discharge of their duties. They have passed rigorous examinations. They like the work. They give the best that is in them to the public.

Congress has never been generous to the Department of State. The Department of State has never been lavish to the Consular Service. During the Harding and Coolidge days, and during the first two years of the Hoover reign, Congress was not merely generous to the Department of Commerce, it was extravagantly lavish in handing out money to that institution. The men under Doctor Klein had liberal travel allowances, house allowances and entertainment allowances, not to speak of good salaries. They and their families were welcomed back to Washington every third year, I think. And the Department paid for these trips. New bureaus were constantly being opened, new services launched and new activities set in motion. In other words, the Department of Commerce was always expanding. This meant that advancements were continually coming to its agents.

I have nothing to say against the Department of Commerce men whom I have met abroad. They are, as a rule, congenial gentlemen and efficient. I am not attacking individuals. I am analyzing a system. My inquiry into it tells me that the Department of Commerce representatives may be, man for man, as competent, as hard-working and as courteous as are the American consular officers, but that they cannot, and do not, surpass the latter in these respects. They cannot. These consuls represent the best that America has. The point that I am urging, however, is that even if the two groups be equal in personal, professional and social attributes, the State Department men are subjected to a more severe entrance examination, are, as a rule, paid smaller salaries, cannot obtain the rapid promotions open to the Commerce officers, are not granted entertainment allowances, do not have opportunities for taking extensive, entertaining and expensive tours of inspection, and are not given trips back to Washington for themselves and family at stated intervals and at the cost of the government.

Human nature is the same all over the world and in all walks of life. The soft beds which the lavishness of Congress has made for the foreign representatives, clerks, employees and messengers of the Department of Commerce for duplicating, and, perhaps, elaborating the work of the consular officers, has not tended to make the latter satisfied with their lot. It would take the driving power out of saints to see angels rewarded by bigger emoluments and honors for writing revised editions and editions de luxe of their best efforts.

I have just spoken of "honors." This requires a word of explanation. It touches upon one of the fatal mistakes which is now being made by the Department of Commerce. This error consists in refusing to deal with facts as facts and in attempting to convert the representatives of this favored governmental agency into diplomatic attachés. The circumstances that the preferment wounds the susceptibilities of the hardworking consuls, who are refused this recognition, is beside the issue. What counts is the fact that this glorification of commerce helps to kill our foreign trade.

Of course, this should not be the case, but it is. This is so because Old World conditions are largely predicated upon caste. Society is made of water-tight, non-communicating departments. The principle that oil and water do not mix is applied to every-day life. Business men, unless they are bankers, insurance magnates or shipping giants—unless they personify Big Business—are "not received" in Europe. This may be, and no doubt is, fundamentally wrong. But we do not send commercial attachés abroad to reform society. We give them a mandate to help in the development and consolidation of American trade.

For the last several years the Department of Commerce has been working toward changing its trade commissioners into commercial attachés. This is but another way of saying that it has been removing its representatives from contact with business prospects who give orders, to the socially elect who give "pink teas." And because it is impossible for these commercial attachés to associate one day with business men and the next with the aristocracy of the land, and because the two groups will not mix, the net result is that the "entertainment" allowance provided by the taxpayer to help business along does trade no good whatsoever. All it does is to assure an agreeable life to attractive gentlemen. To be brief, millions are spent annually by the Department of Commerce in duplicating the work of the Consular Service and in making it difficult for the consular men to keep their heart in their work.

There is a solution to this problem. Its application will save millions to the taxpayer. But this economy is of secondary importance. The primary trouble resides in creating a governmental agency which refuses to accept facts as facts and, in doing so, kills trade opportunities. It is useless to attempt to ponder over how this reform in the foreign service of the United States may be brought about unless Americans are prepared to admit that the Department of Commerce has gone far too far in its present attempt to turn itself into a diplomatic machine. There lies an outstanding cause of the falling off of American exports.

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THE FRIEDSAM COLLECTION

By JAMES W. LANE

EVERY so often a Maecenas in the art world comes along and puts posterity in his debt. Twenty years ago, on the death of Mr. Benjamin Altman, there was bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art the first of the superfine collections which great American leaders of finance and industry have latterly been accumulating.

Colonel Michael Friedsam, successor to Mr. Altman's merchant business, and whose death a year ago New York City mourned, had been so far imbued with Mr. Altman's aesthetic enthusiasm that he, too, devoted the better part of thirty or forty years to preparing a collection of paintings and *objets d'art* which, for sheer rarity in the paintings, not even the Altman Collection can equal. The Metropolitan Museum has had the like good fortune to be the recipient of this bequest—a bequest which will go down historically in importance with that of the Havemeyer, Marquand, Morgan, and Altman Collections.

Establishing a great modern collection is an unceasing labor, not to be lightly entered into without a vast deal of this world's goods, shrewd critical advisers such as a Siren, a Valentiner, a Friedländer, or a Berenson, and infinite time for study of the world's masterpieces. These three advantages Colonel Friedsam had.

The paintings comprise French primitives, Netherlandish primitives, German paintings, Italian paintings, Flemish and Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century, and paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There are also wonderful examples of European decorative arts—sculpture, ceramics, enamels, crystals, etc.—and of Oriental decorative arts.

Let no one, as he studies the priceless early French paintings and those of the early Flemish school, which are grouped together, say that these masters lacked either color, humor, portrait incisiveness or religious feeling. How smooth and subtle they are, glazed as with the tones of porcelain, but firm and characterful to a degree. The character comes out especially in the portraits, the five by Corneille de Lyon and the one by Dirk Bouts. The pea-green backgrounds of Corneille de Lyon, a Dutchman who worked in France, throw up the faces of the sitters into pleasant reliefs irradiated by pearly flesh tints. This delicacy, this patina, might be interestingly compared with the shaggy, unshaven effect one receives from the best modern portraiture, that by Cézanne, for example, in which one can almost feel the thickness of skin, lips, or jaw, and talk to the sitter as a personal, immediate force. The two finest of these early French and Flemish miniature-portraits in the Friedsam Collection seem to me to be that of Charles III, Duke of Savoy, wearing his medal of the Annunciation, and that of a man, by Dirk Bouts. A François Clouet of "Charles IX as a Boy"—and authentic François Clouets can be counted on the fingers of both hands—rounds out this exceptional assemblage of early Northern portraits.

It is in the religious pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that one finds the fancies and mental images of the time expressed. While in Italy, along with the presence of the ever-constant rites of the Church, a new paganism was being formulated by the advance guard of those we now call Renaissance humanists, in France and in Flanders art remained Christian and devotional. Whereas in Italy one can think of the pagan myths which Pollaiuolo and Botticelli restored to popularity or of the non-religious landscapes of Giorgione, in the North painters were still content (outside of the type of separate portraits I have mentioned) to compose altar-pieces or single panels leagued with religious sentiment. That these could show more pure delightful playfulness as well as force and freshness than the mundane subjects of certain Italian painters, or those of the later Flemings and Dutchmen, indicates that the France and the Flanders of the period were intrinsically and exceptionally religious. For it was the time when Avignon was the home of the Popes and when religious devotion under Catharine de' Medici and Charles IX ran high. The religious art of Siena had helped, at Avignon, to fashion the International style, first cousin to the Franco-Flemish manner. No wonder that those unknown painters, or painters who are namable only from their works or the localities they painted in, like the Master of Moulins or the Master of the Saint Barbara Legend, put all their intensity, talent and piety into their canvases for the courts and churches of the Valois kings and nobles. In the triptych of "The Virgin Enthroned" by Jean Bellegambe, it is the angels who are playful and mundane, and the Gothic, ovoid-faced donors, monk, and nun, who are ecstatically pious.

Wholly Flemish religious pictures of this period are meticulous in treating details. This quality, undoubtedly derived from the influence of Dürer and enhanced by the practical, object-loving nature of the Flemings, is observable in the Petrus Christus "Annunciation" of the Friedsam Collection. With the architecture and the wall painted in a stone-for-stone love of detail worthier of an Alma Tadema, one is amazed that, due to what the catalogue calls the picture's "tact," its religious emotion is not blurred, but, on the other hand, so limpidly conveyed. Less limpid, though more gay, is the Joos Van Cleve "Annunciation."

There are other religious pictures in the collection, notably the Cosimo Rosselli "Madonna and Child" and the "Madonna and Child" attributed to Giovanni Bellini, which are not so successful. The figures in the Rosselli look as if they had colds, while the Madonna

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in the Bellini (which seems hardly characteristic of this soothing painter of subtle colors) is pop-eyed and corpulent. The "Man of Sorrows" by Antonello da Messina is full of unattractive drawing, anatomy and color —perhaps a picture in which Antonello had badly used the new viscous oil, so that the painting verges on the darkness inseparable from faulty use of that technique. A fine religious picture was sometimes beyond Rubens, too, as we see in his "Virgin and Child," raw and mannered, full of faults of bad drawing and, to this observer's eye, unpleasing color. In such a picture the fresh pigment which Rubens usually obtained through his various oil glazes is out of keeping with the tone to be expressed and brings on an unattractive crudity.

From Rubens onward, including Brouwer, whose famous "Smokers," exhibited in the Flemish show at Burlington House three or four years ago, is here, the Netherlands went down hill in its delineation of the Christian epic. Only Rembrandt and, I may say from the unusual picture in this collection, Vermeer, continued to paint religious subject-matter. The Vermeer, which is entitled "An Allegory of the New Testament," could more briefly and accurately be called "Christian Faith." To be sure, it is something of a melodramatic, sensational rendering, portraying the sort of ecstasy for which Carlo Dolci was mainly remarkable. But it is a masterpiece of technique, the silver blues and the mellow yellows and the opaline glass reflections being earmarks of this rare painter. The tapestry, so fresh is its color and so modern its design, looks as though it had been painted yesterday.

The most successful and stimulating religious pictures in the collection, with one exception, happen to be Flemish. The exception is Giovanni di Paolo's "Miraculous Communion of Saint Catherine of Siena," a piece so ineffably lovely that I had to go back time and time again to admire its exquisite red-oranges and slate-blues, both of them keyed to the same neutralized intensity, to say nothing of its exquisite design and fairy grace. This painting is a tempera panel and contains an amount of gold-leaf filling on its gesso background. Giovanni di Paolo's elfin and ethereal qualities have by now been generously recognized, but although he is known as a pupil of the fantastic Paolo di Giovanni Fei, I have never seen a work by him I liked so well as this. Even the Metropolitan Museum's "Paradise" by him pales besides this work, which is on a level, in spiritual grace, with the work of Sassetta.

The importance and the richness of Colonel Friedsam's bequest is more measurable by the many examples of Gothic (French and Flemish) fifteenth-century and sixteenth-century art than by anything else, though of course there are other very significant individual works.

"The Virgin and Child," hung on the spectator's left just as one enters the northwest door, is probably rightly attributed to a follower of Gerard David. The gossamerlike drapery covering the Child, the firmly knit design, the careful painting, seem to be the usual virtues of David. Herr Friedländer, however, points to the landscape (which with its imbricated tree foliage and Umbrian blue sky might almost have been executed by Lorenzo di Credi), the unusual smoothness and porcelanous finish of the picture, and says that it is only a superior imitation of David! It is a work, nevertheless, of excelling loveliness, human yet ethereal, and possesses an item of Leonardan sweetness and of much more than Leonardan innocence.

The second Flemish religious masterpiece here is a gayer, if slightly more sophisticated and affected, accomplishment. It belongs to the school of Quentin Massys and is a "Virgin and Child in a Landscape." Again we find a Leonardesque modeling, but the smile is not Leonardan. The catalogue speaks of the work as by two separate hands, mentioning the sons of Massys or one of them and Lucas Gassel. The landscape is of the kind that was coming into vogue at the start of the sixteenth century. The Flemings suddenly became fond of hills, valleys, rocks and streams. Sometimes the rocks seem quarried piecemeal from the more geological of Leonardo's landscapes, but if this supposition prove false, they could be attributed either to Patinir or Henrik Bles. This particular landscape has the bold white clouds that Patinir loved and that the Dutch landscapists later took to in a more blackened and thunderous form, but the spreading champaign is the sort which Bles adopted, in contradistinction to the jagged mountain scenery of Patinir. It is a winning achievement, decorative, well-colored, well-observed.

A "Profile of a Lady," attributed by Berenson to Fra Diamante, is an interesting early attempt to paint in the cast shadows and, as the catalogue notes, is "a first step in the development which culminated in the landscapes of Claude Monet." A small landscape, a scene of a house and garden, by Peter De Hooch, and very unusual in its subject-matter for as early in the history of painting, is important as showing traces of impressionistic technique (in the handling of the trees) with graverlike methods for doing the house. For De Hooch it is also a very dark canvas, possibly due to bad varnishing.

And so we come down to the eighteenth century. Duplessis's celebrated "Portrait of Benjamin Franklin" is here. This is actually thought to be the original, of which Duplessis made nine copies. It is extremely valuable, therefore, and of course, as portraiture, ranks with Houdon's sculptures. From the eighteenth century there are also a Goya and a Lawrence, neither showing either artist at his most profound.

The real gem of the later paintings is the Theodore Rousseau landscape. It is a small cabinet picture, probably not much more than a foot in panel length, of a "Village in a Valley." It expresses in that foot's length great distance, as some of the ultra-modern French painters, such as Berman, have learned to do, and also serene horizontality, such as we find in the etching of Scottish landscapes by D. Y. Cameron. It is a charming thing.

The Friedsam Collection is not overweighted with

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either religious or mundane paintings. This points up the value and quality of the paintings of each group, though it must be said that the religious paintings carry off the palm in quality and unusualness. People who have been brought up on Raphael's madonnas, lovely as they are, will not find a single one here, but on the contrary certain less publicized and imitated conceptions, such as those of David and Massys.

Among the European decorative arts represented in the Friedsam Collection none is more fascinating or expert than that of carving in boxwood. The Apostle Saint John and Saint Simon are wonderful achievements for all time and show that when and where they were done—in the fifteenth century in Germany or Flanders—matters less than that they are immediately captivating. There is a very fine collection of Limoges enamel works, most of which play hardily with bold, bright color that is diapered into an even harmony. The most pleasing of the plaques is "A Pagan Sacrifice," where yellow and grey in judicious balance create a vital work of art.

Leaving out of this survey such objects as the furniture, textiles and jewels, one must single out the lovely crystals and metal work. A pax of crystal and silver gilt, from sixteenth-century Italy, is, with its gracious twilled-column frame with a glass-festooned pediment, one of the most beautiful things in the show. Let our modern workers in the applied arts, ecclesiastical or lay, take a leaf from this master's notebook. Nothing more exquisite than this or the crystal, gold, silver-gilt and enamel altar-cross, from the same century, can be imagined. The metal work is dignified by two silver-gilt monstrances, one German and the other (the more beautiful) Mexican. This inspiring collection offers many a sign-post to those who long for an improvement in both the liturgical and the secular arts.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

IT HAS become the practice to discuss the outlook for Catholicism in the United States on the basis of statistics; as if numbers made religion. Catholics accept that basis of discussion, which is purely sectarian, and thereby stamp themselves as a sect among other sects, which is obviously a false start. Incidentally, the growing sectarianism of the Catholic body in the United States is one of the greatest dangers to Catholicism anywhere in the world. It is a greater menace than anything that is happening in "Catholic" countries, for open opposition and conflict purifies, by obliging people to define their principles, and forces clear-cut thought, while tacit acceptance of false principles simply crystallizes a loose and inadequate presentation of the argument on both sides that grows increasingly difficult to overcome, the longer it lasts.

One of the principal difficulties in our American situation is that neither side is really talking about Catholicism. Our whole American system has become confused in men's minds, and in the general confusion Catholicism has become overlaid with a myriad of other things controversial in character. Catholics refuse to analyze these things and are therefore far more seriously responsible for the consequent confusion than their critics.

It is not any one man's business to dogmatize about this situation; it is every literate Catholic's duty, however, to think about it, to inform himself and to reach clear and definite conclusions. When he has reached such conclusions, it is his equal duty to express them publicly in some way.

There are as many ways of getting at the subject as there are literate observers of the discussion. One of the first things that strikes an observer familiar with what is happening in the same line elsewhere in the world is just this thing, that the true issue has not been joined; that not Catholicism is in question but something else.

Most current American critics of Catholicism accept a definite formula. They begin by expressing utmost respect for the time-honored Church and the principles for which it stands, and argue then to matters unconnected with the essence of the matter. One may accept that respect as absolutely sincere. Accepting it, one must conclude that it is not the essential matter of Catholicsm that disturbs them but some other factor; some method of presentation; some common characteristic of Catholics in this country. If that is so, it would seem to be vitally necessary to the argument that Catholics examine that point first, in order to define the issue.

Probably it would become very clear from that examination that it is not "government from abroad" that really worries intelligent people. That question does arise among the illiterate. It is still alleged among the illiterate that Catholics everywhere are political subjects of the Pope as temporal sovereign.

For the benefit of those whom that alleged political status might worry, it may be stated positively that the American government has analyzed and determined that question. President Buchanan and several Secretaries of State of that period have clarified "the Catholic question" officially as no Catholic has done in all this current discussion. The whole record is contained in the official correspondence of the State Department concerning the establishment and maintenance of an American Legation accredited to the Vatican, during the twenty years from 1848 to 1868. It is all there, and the State Department has long since authorized the publication of these documents. The question of

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political allegiance of American citizens to the Vatican State is disposed of, and of record as between the papal government and the government of the United States. It troubles no one but the illiterate and those completely ignorant of American history.

Yet, everywhere in discussion, a note creeps in somewhere of "foreignness" of the Church. That can be analyzed. Research would probably discover that in part it is traditional; in part the outgrowth of more recent manifestations.

Traditionally the split of universal, Catholic Christianity into warring sects was accompanied and developed by nationalist politics. "Protestant" English politics tended to foster the Huguenot French Protestants as a thorn in the side of the "Catholic" French King. English Catholics tended to seek help under political disabilities from Catholic Spain. The Catholic faith became the strongest political and nationalistic unifying force of Irishmen in their resistance to a Protestant, English (therefore "foreign") government. One might multiply such examples from history, and since the foundations of America were laid in the hundred years during which the conflict took armed form in the Thirty Years War, the tradition has survived in those who either do not study history or do not understand the meaning of recorded happenings.

There is something more, however, in America itself, to confirm a remote and vague tradition, and to make it seem unnecessary to go back to historical studies. Anyone who will observe dispassionately discussion of the Catholic Church by Catholics, must be struck by that very note of "foreignness" in it which disconcerts and alarms Americans who are not Catholics. A continuous harping on some "decadent Anglo-Saxon" culture, "giving place to a new, vigorous Catholic culture" imported by some other race crops out everywhere, from pulpit to diocesan press. It is not generally acknowledged with misgivings, but rather, it is asserted belligerently, that Catholicism in America grows by immigration, rather than apostolically. No sane and thinking American objects to the rebirth here of broken fragments of humanity from other parts of the world. To give such men political, social and economic rebirth was part of the American scheme of things. The "native" American can hardly be expected, however, to listen with approval to some program to displace him from the house his ancestors built and into which they received the new comers.

An intelligent understanding of the causes of that peculiarity of "Catholic" discussion could hardly be reached without intelligent study of American history. Many Catholics do look upon the America into which they have entered as something left over from "a decadent Anglo-Saxon culture" to which they themselves are foreign and which for one European reason or another (imported with them) they cordially dislike.

"American" history, to very many new American citizens, began with their arrival. Very rarely among Catholic students is there any realization of the fact that the separation from the British Empire came midway in our history, not at the beginning; nor any realization of what had developed and crystallized here to make "American" characteristics definitely recognizable and to accelerate that separation. Not many Catholic students can be brought to intelligent and concrete examination of immigration, its character and effects at different periods. "Immigration," the "Immigrant" (with capital letters) have taken on all the vague sacredness of "that blessed word Mesopotamia." Those words have almost taken the symbolic awfulness of a (probably fictitious) political speech in Scotland: "Will you endure to see a chasuble set up in your market place? Will you have your daughters sold into simony? Will you have celibacy practised in the public streets?"

Those sacred words may not even be discussed among Catholics, still less between Catholics and Protestants. They have all the finality of a very final argument once told to this writer by an Ulster landlord, addressed by an anxious Ulster mother to her small child playing in a very unsavory puddle: "Wullie, Wullie, come here out of that! It's fu' o' wee Popes and they'll get ye'!"

An intelligent study of American history might show that there was a definitely American something sufficiently attractive to the world to induce that great flow of new potential citizens which we call the "mass immigrations." It might show that this great flow of new citizens came precisely at the time of that great civil conflict between two equally respectable concepts of American political development which broke America for a generation before and at least a generation after the war between the states. It might be right there that this assumption of "decadence" developed and took root in new comers. It might develop from intelligent study that coming in at that time and as they did, the chaos of civil war and its aftermath was made still further complicated by great numbers of people totally unrelated to all that had gone before, and growing by continuing accretions from Europe into new, isolated and unabsorbed racial groups.

Unless we are bent on destroying the foundations of America, possibly through a new civil war into which Catholicism shall be thrust by the blindness of both sides, it would seem useful to drop this argument of racial "conquest" and bring the discussion back to any possible incompatibility between the universal Catholic religion and the ideals of American citizenship as developed by the Americans who founded America. It might result from intelligent study that the two ideals are not in the least incompatible but, on the contrary, are so similar as to be almost identical.

If Americans would study the bases of American citizenship, and Catholics would study the essentials of the religion they profess, it might be discovered that Catholicism has never had heretofore, in any place, or at any time, so ideal a situation in which to develop without the extraneous obstacles that have hampered the full development of Catholic life elsewhere.

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REAL REVOLUTIONISTS

By DOROTHY DAY

ON THE same day that the unemployed hunger marchers were being ushered out of the city of Washington by the entire police force of the capital, with machine-guns, tear-gas bombs and nauseating gas bombs, a delegation of 250 farmers from twenty-six states were being welcomed to the city with every show of courtesy.

And on the same day too, machine-guns and tear-gas were being used out in Elkton, Wisconsin, to evict a farmer, his wife and two children from a farm which they were defending with rifles and shotguns. The home of the farmer, Max Cichon, had been sold at a foreclosure last August, and he had refused to move. It is evictions such as these that the farmers came to protest.

"We are not coming to Congress with our hats in our hands asking them to please do something for us," one of the delegates said. "We are going to demand aid, and if we don't get it, we are going to resort to united and direct action. We are drawing up a declaration of independence just as was done back in 1776. Now we are fighting not one king, but many. We have to fight the banks, the lumber trusts, the insurance companies, the food trusts, the railroads and the milk trusts. The old American army fought without uniforms and without proper arms, and they were finally victorious. We are going to fight too."

The farmers' gathering was a happening of far more revolutionary significance than that of the hunger marchers. The hunger marchers were recruited by Communist leaders from the ranks of the unemployed, from union workers, from the textile mills, the mines and the factories. The majority of them not Communists, they had been trained for the past month or so in Communist language and tactics, and the demands they presented were but temporary panaceas for the evils of the depression. They were people who had lost all, who had nothing "but their chains to lose" as the Russian slogan has it. But the farmers, who have their farms and their living which they make on the farms to lose, are far more keen for the fight, and are far more apt to resort to immediate violence to gain their demands.

The conference met for four days, from December 7-11. The farmers present were delegates from their counties and states, elected either by their neighborhoods or by some organization such as the Farmers' Holiday Association, the Farmers' Union, the United Farmers' League, etc. Many of the men are former members of the old Non-Partizan League. The United Farmers' League is an organization with Communist affiliations, but it was estimated that not more than 5 percent of the farmers at the conference came from this organization.

I talked with one such representative, Selmen Espeland of Montana. All he thought of his organization was that it had specific demands which tallied with those of the more militant members of the rank and file farmers of the Farmers' Holiday Association. He said that he would join with any organization which was fighting for those demands. An emergency moratorium and a cessation of evictions and forced sales were the two measures which he thought the most important. And in the final statement read before Congress, the demands of the farmers went even farther. They embraced a cancellation of all "mortgages, interest, Food and Seed Loans and debts for supplies and furnishing for farmers whose volume of production and economic unit has always been too small to carry the debt of land and support the family at a minimum health standard (marginal farmers, share croppers and others)."

The moratorium was for all farmers "whose volume of production has until recently sustained the farm family at a decent standard of living."

In the demand that there shall be no more evictions from the farms, the statement reads, "If our duly elected national representatives fail as did the local, county and state authorities, then we pledge ourselves to protect our fellow farmers from suffering and their families from social disintegration by our united action."

From the floor of the union hall where the farmers met they did not hesitate to say what form that united action would take. Stump farmers from Minnesota, berry farmers from the Dakotas, maple sugar farmers from New Hampshire, cotton share croppers from Alabama, dairy farmers from Nebraska, corn, wheat, hog farmers—all dirt farmers—pledged themselves to go to the aid of any farmer in their county who was being menaced with dispossession.

"I'll defend my farm with shotguns," one farmer after another said. "And before I'm killed, I'll burn my crops, burn my house and poison my cattle. The farm is mine and I'll fight for it!"

These farmers are American radicals in the truest sense of the word. The majority of them, from the Farmers' Holiday Association, are men past forty, substantial in their home communities, church members, and up to the last few years not interested in social action. Those from Madison County, Nebraska, where in September of this year the resolution was taken to make the march on Washington, are Americans of Scandinavian, German or American descent, who have been Republicans for generations and who this year for the first time voted the Democratic ticket. In realizing their own predicament, they have begun to realize the plight of the industrial masses, and they do

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not hesitate to pledge themselves also to "united action" in the case of strikes and labor troubles in the towns near their farms, and this action in the form of mass gatherings and moral pressure has been brought to bear in the mining regions of Minnesota. The farmers have also coöperated with the striking miners in Illinois.

They cite the Golden Rule as the immediate solution of their difficulties but they hard-headedly state that "united militant action" will probably be necessary.

"We aim to avoid bloodshed," Anthony Rosenberg, the chairman of the convention, said. Rosenberg is a tall grizzled farmer of German descent (neither a Jew nor a New York radical, as has been suggested in reference to his name). "We come here to seek emergency legislation. But if nothing is done for us we will act on the conviction that the rights of the individual are above all man-made laws. The farmers' organizations are all endorsing our policy of direct action. Since September, after the governors' convention in Sioux City, Iowa, failed to do anything for us, we have organized the farmers in Nebraska so that now 9,000 of them belong to the Farmers' Holiday Association."

Alfred Tiala belongs to a farm organization in Minnesota. Dressed in khaki leggings, corduroy trousers and a leather jacket, he told how he had come across country with the hunger marchers. "We were both on our way to Washington and we joined forces. They are industrial workers and we are farmers, and our cause is the same. They tell us here in Washington to raise less crops—there is all this talk of surplus. And then we go through cities and see soup lines and starvation and realize that at home we have pigs we can't sell, wool we can't market and crops rotting in the ground. We have got to find some way to get this food to these starving workers."

Tiala's father and relatives, he said, worked on the Mesaba iron range, and when they were blacklisted years ago for joining the union, they hired out as farm hands, as many of the iron miners did. By heartbreaking work and frugality they saved until they bought their own farms. Now most of them have been dispossessed and the rest of them are subject to eviction shortly. Not far away from the industrial class themselves, they have sympathy with the city workers and bring in their supplies to swell the relief stores of the cities nearby.

This same relief work went on in southern Illinois during the strike this fall in the coal regions. The striking miners went out to the farms and helped bring in the crops and received payment in kind, which they put into a common fund of food for the needy in their mining towns.

Mrs. Ella Chase, a maple sugar farmer from New Hampshire, got up and made a stirring speech, her voice trembling with excitement.

"I worked for a week, cooking food for my five children so that I could come to Washington with my husband," she said. "They asked me why I was going. I told them I was going to fight so that they could live. I've been married for twenty years and my husband and I have worked from sixteen to twenty hours a day, and now we are in danger of being evicted, sold out. We've belonged to the grange and to the farm bureaus. We've joined all organizations trying to better the lot of the farmer. But this is the first time the farmers have united to actually fight. We've had a depression for ten years, we farmers, and we can't hold out. So we have to coöperate and fight evictions."

At an experience meeting men with names like Gore, Oliver, McCabe, Strong, all from the West, told of conditions in their communities. Philip Smith of Pennsylvania told how his forefathers had received their land by grant from Penn's sons. They were Americans all, and they professed themselves to be the real lovers of their country.

"The bankers, the insurance men, the railroad men, —these are the real traitors," they said.

The demands which were drawn up and presented to Congress on the third day of the convention included, in addition to those mentioned before, $500,000,000 cash relief; food products needed for relief of the city workers to be purchased from the farmers; the transportation of relief supplies to be regulated by the federal government; a price-regulating body controlled by actual consumers and producers to make adjustment of prices; the defeat of any legislation based on the theory of "surplus" production, such as the Allotment Plan.

Charity Basket

Two sisters, thin and straight as stalks
Of autumn's wind-stripped hollyhocks,
Stood silently beside the door.
The man outside began once more,
"This basket from the Ladies' Aid—"
Again the imperious gesture made
Him stop, and Martha looked at Jane.
She said, "The family down the lane—
But no relation. . . . Just the name.
I wondered about it when they came."
And Jane, still staring at the wall
Of family portraits, stern and tall,
So proud of bearing, cold of eye,
Said, "Leave it. We'll be going by."

He hesitated, tipped his hat
And turned away. The hungry cat
Against the basket rubbed and purred,
And Martha looked at Jane and heard
Her own voice like the blowing leaves,
"I have a feeling that he believes
He found the right place after all."
But Jane was staring at the wall. . . .

Two sisters, old and left alone
In a mansion of the moldy stone
Where pride and beauty walked before—
Stood by the basket at the door.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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WAR DEBTS AND WORLD UNREST

By ROBERT DU CHALIEU

NOW THAT unemployment and spreading gangster rule sap the very life of America, and the nations of Europe distrustfully watch each other and refuse to pay the debts owed to the United States, responsibility for the present misery can be rightly attributed to those who laid the foundation for it: to the statesmen who dictated the peace of Versailles and rearranged the map of the world.

Clemenceau, the wiliest of them all, used to say that his was a particularly difficult position: between a man who thought he was a new Messiah, and another who saw himself as a modern Napoleon. He alluded to Wilson and Lloyd George. Unable to see his own faults, he overlooked the fact that he was a man of strong dislikes: an unparalleled leader in time of strife, for he did not know the word surrender, but totally unfit to lay the foundations of a lasting peace based on understanding and forgiveness.

Nor do I mean to excuse in the least the original petrel of discord, the warlike government of William II of Germany. But I sincerely believe that a kindlier treatment of the German people would have rallied them solidly around the cause of democracy; for they were the ones who rebelled at the end of the struggle, and caused the collapse of the imperial armies, which had given way after the advent of the American Expeditionary Force but had not as yet known decisive defeat. However, harsh conditions placed the German people in economic bondage for three generations and forced them to turn eventually, in sheer desperation, to their leaders of old. Thus the moderate government of the Republicans and the Catholic Centrists gave way to the present one, which is efficient and honest no doubt, but also worrisome to the Allies because strictly military.

A still worse blunder was the dismemberment of Austria. Of course Czechoslovakia was entitled to become independent, as was also tortured, abused Poland, with her traditions of ancient glory and civilization. But why place millions of Hungarians under the Czechs, their age-old enemies, under the Serbians and the Rumanians, who, worthy as they are, yet represent a later and rougher civilization? Why bring the whole Croat country under the rule of the Serbians, before a sounder understanding grew between the two nations?

For the government of which Vienna was the capital was the product of centuries; it represented the molding of various regional resources vital to each other economically and spiritually. Austria proper and Hungary, chiefly, were necessary to each other, the first with her flourishing industries in need of a market, the latter with her agricultural resources and no industrial development to speak of. There was also a more important reason: both countries are devoutly Catholic. But the big four who ruled the peace of Versailles were not Catholics; that explains their attitude and the doom of ancient Austria-Hungary. Danubia is a poor substitute for it. And, owing to the fact that Danubia is the heart of Europe, its sickness, its likeness to a powder-box ready to blow up at any moment, together with the discontent and hatred seeping through Germany, not only affects the whole world, but worries even France, which now stands on top of continental Europe. France is wealthy and powerful in her wise government, formidable armies, and skilled system of alliances; yet she has only 40,000,000 French citizens to rely upon in case of trouble, and therefore is unwilling to part with her gold that is the sinews of a possible war.

Not in a spirit of partizan faith, but in truth, one can say that none of the present ills can be traced to a Catholic. Pope Pius X and his illustrious successor Benedict XV did their best to stop the World War before 1918. Had they been successful, it would have been really a peace without conquerors and conquered, as Wilson dreamed and was unable to effect. England would have gained less colonies, but remained a most powerful nation, while her present condition is precarious. France would not have had the glory and the responsibility of clamping her fists over most of Europe; but the individual Frenchman would have been spared the worry of sitting on top of an enormous political monument with unsteady foundations.

Even America, which emerged from the World War master of all international markets, adopted a prohibition law opposed by the Catholic citizens of her forty-eight states, and thus brought about in her very vitals a chaos of disrespect for all governmental authority, both federal and state, and a welter of criminal activities which are hampering dangerously the industrial and business structure of the country.

I quote on the subject the opinion of a professor of economic politics of the University of Lyons:

> Millions and millions of dollars lie idle in the private accounts and safety boxes of the banks of the United States of America; hundreds of thousands of apartments are empty all over the country; millions of bushels of wheat are rotting in the American warehouses, without a buyer; while seven millions of white collar and factory workers have no job, no home, no food.
>
> Why must we pay our war debt to a country which has the means, and yet lets so many of her citizens starve, while it allows her gangsters to wax rich almost without interference?

I tried to convince him that the American system does not permit a levy on private wealth, even under the form of a governmental loan, and for the best

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purposes; and that the various state laws which control criminals, offer so many loop-holes to defending counsels that they are nearly ineffectual; but that, with the passing of prohibition, most evils would subside. But it was no use. His opinion was crystallized, and it reflected that of nine out of ten Europeans. He conceded:

> I know that we should meet our obligations to the United States, but how can we when, at any moment, another world conflict may ensue? Today there are at work petrels of discord more bitter than the megalomania of William II or the Slav national spirit wrongly roused to murder the Archduke Ferdinand at Serajevo. Public opinion cries everywhere for a change, no matter what, anything to escape the present unhappiness and misery.

There was much truth in that assertion. Bolshevik propaganda is more active than ever, Jugoslavia is torn by internicine warfare between Serbians and Croats, the Orient is in turmoil. The brown-shirted Legions of Hitler march and counter-march all over Germany. They have no program, no panacea against a possible invasion of the armies of the worried Allies. Their slogan is, "Germany awake!" Many of the Nazis say: "If the worst comes to the worst, we shall turn Soviets and make common cause with the Russians. Anything would be better than the present bondage, than raising our sons to be economic slaves." Even Italy, which has made such constructive strides under Mussolini, is by no means a united nation. Under a Fascist intelligent and active minority, there are ill-reconciled masses of former Socialists, radicals, men of scores of parties. The support of the Catholic Church, so underestimated by the Italian press, helps the government to keep the nation in line; but what would happen if the wear and tear of another World War should undermine the Italian governmental structure?

A priest—the late Monsignor Seipel—was perhaps the only post-war head of laic governments who understood the actual trend of world affairs. When he became Chancellor, Austria was starving, and her citizens were split into numerous parties, murderously armed against each other. Strong in his faith and with heroic heart, Monsignor Seipel wearily went from one embassy to another, and so insistent was he that the League of Nations finally recognized the plight of his country, and a loan was granted. Monsignor Seipel used it sparingly, undaunted by the requests and menaces of the party leaders, who asked an immediate distribution. Wounded by the bullet of an ill-advised murderer, he carried on his work while ailing. Industries flourished, a tourist trade was fostered which soon rivalled that of Switzerland. Slowly Austria emerged from her nightmare.

I had the honor to meet Monsignor Seipel many years ago, when he was a university professor. My late uncle, Prince Edward Paar, cavalry general and aide-de-camp and personal friend to the late Emperor Franz Joseph, anticipated the troubles that would soon overwhelm his country. He dearly loved the Emperor, with whom he had been raised, and he knew not only his unwillingness to tackle modern problems, but that terrific forces were at work which would soon change the face of the world. Monsignor Seipel was one of the men in whom my uncle trusted, as capable of weathering the storm of a sudden collapse. During one of my visits to Vienna, in 1913, he sent me to him with a note of introduction. Ruddy and stalwart, the priest and future statesman impressed me with his love for his fellow humans, with his wisdom and spirit of tolerance. At that time he was happy in his cultural and religious activities.

Many years later, in 1923, I met him again in Vienna, at the height of his power and his sadness. I remember his words:

> In the past, even under Napoleon, wars changed the map of the world, but never left such a trail of hatred and misery, because the conquered countries were not considered forever guilty in the eyes of the conquerors. But today half of Europe uselessly has constituted herself a strict policeman, supervising and curtailing at every turn the activities of the other half. That brings about enormous military expenses on one side, and invincible hatred on the other.

On his table were pictures of three monuments: that erected in honor of Eugene of Savoy, the Italian General of the Austrian Armies who put an end to the power of Turkey and the advance of Islam into Europe at the beginning of the eighteenth century; the inspiring figure on horseback of Saint Stephen, warrior, king and saint, patron of Hungary, with a moonlight effect surrounding his head with a wondrous halo; and the statue of Saint Jeanne of Arc, to whom the poilus of France were so devoted during the war. Monsignor Seipel pointed them out to me:

> The times which saw the French and the Hungarian saints and the seminary-raised abbot who served the ends of God as a soldier, did not know our modern comforts and improvements; conditions then were very crude, and there was much suffering all over the world. Nevertheless, people believed in God and in His laws, and hence the sacrifice made by heroes who gave their lives for their faith and country influenced and inspired the following generations.
>
> But the beginning of our century saw also the triumph of materialism, the denial of God and His laws. This is the reason why, with so many advantages to be thankful for, modern governments have created only worry or suffering for their subjects, and bitter antagonism in foreign nations.

Those words, coming from a man who had proven a business and organizing ability second to none, remained carved in my mind. In 1923, however, America still stood as a successful example that business for business sake, and the materialistic attitude of the

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majority of the citizens of a country, may nevertheless bring about physical welfare. But now that America suffers from unemployment, when the European nations cannot or do not wish to pay their war debts, and seem more eager than ever to jump at each other's throat, the words of Monsignor Seipel sound like a warning.

For until peace and international relations can be negotiated on a basis of currency and political bartering, no stable agreement will ever be reached. Above the power and skill of man, there is the wish of God. Without the love and fear of God man can only conceive and bring about things transitory and faulty.

AN APOLOGY FOR PLAINSONG

By IGNATIUS KELLY

IT SEEMS to me that the defender of the beauty of the Gregorian form of music is usually at a disadvantage when he attempts to discuss the matter. If he mentions that the Church approves it for its liturgical worship, he will be reminded that he ought not to argue such a matter from authority. If he mentions its appeal to people of taste and refinement, he will be suspected of belittling the aesthetic capacities of those who find little beauty in the chant, who are many more, he will be told, than those who are supposed to like it. The apologist of the chant is quite usually thought to be unprogressive, reactionary, bent upon the destruction of all other musical forms, simply because he is a lover of one ecclesiastical style in one place, above all others. A connoisseur of architecture may prefer for church use Gothic to Romanesque; a liturgist may prefer a "baldachino" altar to a "reredos" altar, or a Roman chalice to a Gothic chalice, and there is mild admiration at his delicacy in such matters. But it is considered unusual, to say the least, that one should prefer the Gregorian to any other style.

Why should this be? Why is it that the chant which the Church is said to approve above all other forms of music for its liturgical services, is not accepted readily by priests and people? Why is it that even zealous religious are afraid that an entire office in Gregorian may mean a *religio depopulata,* except it be that the chant is without sufficient intrinsic beauty to make it even tolerable to a congregation of average people? Why is it that the conscientious organist or choirmaster, who attempts to introduce the chant to his singers, meets generally with such opposition?

Some want to put the blame on the monks of Solesmes. They speak, like "Sacerdos," in a communication to *Emmanuel,* the official monthly of the Priests' Eucharistic League. In the August number, "Sacerdos" writes very militantly and sure of himself: "What is the matter with that beautiful Ite Missa Est, that begins with the highest note in it or any other Ite, and is most universally known—you know the one I refer to—that it is omitted from the new Missals? They destroyed the beauty of the Lamentations and I suppose they, whoever they are (from Solesmes, I suppose), want us to reject what is best because it may not go back as far as the mediocre!" However, blaming Solesmes will hardly do. If this or that thread of the musical fabric seems to have suffered from the magnificent work of the Solesmes monks, it suffers only in the minds of those to whom the color of the old thread is dear from long associations. If the chant of the Church as restored and interpreted by the Solesmes School is not beautiful, then the chant simply is not beautiful.

Some want to put the blame on the "way the chant is rendered." But that isn't very satisfactory, either. If it is rendered correctly, there are those who say it has no soul, and if it is interpreted, there are those who say it isn't the chant. The congregation will tolerate about everything else. The singers may shout out the most banal harmonies; they may be more or less together; there may be little or no balance of parts and the criticism is mild. But let the choir attempt to use one or more of the Gregorian masses and anonymous letters begin to trickle in to the pastor. The choir may be doing ever so well with the Gregorian, and still it is opposed. No, the antipathy is not to the chant of Solesmes, or to a particular choir's singing of the chant. It's the chant itself.

What, then, is the matter? Can it be that the Church which has ever fostered the lovely and the beautiful, proposes as fit for its service what is inherently repulsive? The prayers are beautiful, the vestments are splendid, the chalice is a work of art, the pulpit is admirable, but the chant is the one disturbing element. Why have it?

May I propose an answer? It may seem very unsatisfactory, but I think that it contains at least that modicum of truth which is frequently overlooked. I suppose I may say, even at the risk of being thought archaic, or esoteric, or even insincere, that I love the Gregorian melodies as they are found in Missal, Gradual and Antiphonal. I love the restored Gregorian of Solesmes. I love the restored Lamentations and the "new Passion," because they sing the beautiful, ancient prayers, in simple, unaffected melodies. There is something straightforward and becoming about them even when they are only passingly well sung. They don't crowd the imagination with earthly visions, they aren't at all exciting or glamorous, but they are reverent, they are humble, they pray like the Publican, lowly, imploringly. But only a few of my friends profess to view the chant as anything like this. The rest are disturbed and just a little bit incensed that one should suggest that he finds beauty where they fail to perceive it. What is this elusive beauty?

Gregorian chant is beautiful and with a beauty all its own. It has a charm about it which, at casual analysis, scarcely seems to fall within the ontologist's definition of beauty. "There is no painting," says M. Brunetière, "but should be above all a joy to the eye! No music but should be a delight for the ear!" Yet there is much more in the *ratio pulchri* than the mere flattery of eye or ear. It is the intellect which attains to that which makes things beautiful. The philosopher of aesthetics will hold that the fundamentals for the enjoyment of beauty reach the intellect through the senses of sight or hearing, but he will not forget that that notion of the beautiful is above the power of sense faculties. Now, in the matter of Gregorian chant, the entire beauty is not in the sound or in the pleasing audition of sweet notes alone, but over and above the audible pleasure, there is the intellectual appreciation of the elements that make the chant a prayer breathed forth in simple song. There is the genuine realization of the beauty of simplicity, of the rudimentary, of the inchoate, of the subservient—qualities which make the chant not only truly beautiful, but highly advantageous in an ecclesiastical point of view, since these are the very qualities which prevent it from going out of its place, and "attempting to give the law to religion."

I am of the opinion, that through a *mal-entendu,* too much is expected of the plainsong. The fact that there is so much of sweet music leads to the idea that sweetness is the very essence of music, and that music cannot be beautiful without it. Where-

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as, the feeling of sensible pleasure is quite distinct from the aesthetic enjoyment which accompanies the apprehension of the beautiful. To be pleased by sugary melodies is something merely passive, organic and physiological; but the appreciation of the beautiful is eminently an active process, implying higher operation, that of intelligence. And because people are wont to expect and wait for the obvious, they miss the spiritual grace and delicate appropriateness which the sense may discover and the mind appreciate in the venerable Gregorian melodies of a pious age. To be sure, the melodies of plainsong are not the "fullest flood of sounds" which musical art may evoke; they are not "marvellous and rapturous" combinations of human voices scattered to the winds; they are not the flashing, soul-stirring tone-picture of the apotheosis of joy. They have no such pretensions. But the beginnings of art may be beautiful, too. To go into other arts, for sake of illustration, the beauty of the chant is the beauty of a fresco of a Cimabué or a Giotto, not that of a Dolci or a Titian; or it is the beauty of a Gothic rural chapel, not that of a modern business-block church. And when the Church for a time forgot this beauty and was charmed by the potent genius of great composers who were carried on to use religion rather than minister to it, the music of the Church service became, even though creation of lofty genius, pretentious and showy until the intrinsically correct standards of good taste called for a return to what is most truly fitting.

Are we going to keep the chant, now that we have it in its near pristine purity? Are we going to use it and use it frequently, or shall we suffer this truly Catholic heritage to be forgotten and forsaken? Here in the United States, we haven't taken hold of the plainsong revival very enthusiastically, although there have been some scattered, effective successes, and there is some evidence of intensified earnestness pushing through manifestations of remorse. These evidences are bound to increase, not alone because the Church wants the chant, but because it is intrinsically beautiful and in little danger of forgetting its place as other forms of music and some of the other arts have done in times past to the detriment of religion and the Church of Christ.

Woman and Child

There's no more lovely sight in all the earth
  Than this, the yearning image of the skies:
The innocence that trusts itself from birth
  To a kind woman's eyes.

The flushed young mother with her thrilling pain
  To feel her babe at breast; the aged one
Who at the child's soft touch grows young again
  Remembering her dead son;

The girl, unsnared as yet by love, who yet
  Foretastes maternity, and, in a mist,
Finds as she kisses that her eyes are wet,
  Her own lips still unkissed;

The nun who, having put her wimple on,
  Worships the little Christ Child—all of these,
With love experienced, prophesied, foregone,
  Share in these mysteries.

And on us men the Virgin, aureoled
  With her illustrious motherhood, has smiled—
As in tranced tenderness upon the gold
  Head of her sleeping Child.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE BONUS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: As one who has devoted considerable study to federal finances, and the bonus, the writer is unable to agree with the bonus views expressed on page 76 of the November 16 issue of THE COMMONWEAL.

What is the bonus? It was enacted in 1924 "to provide adjusted compensation for veterans of the World War," on the theory that the veterans, by reason of their army service, had missed opportunities for employment as civilians at higher wages. Section 201 of the Act provides: "The amount of adjusted service credit shall be computed by allowing the following sums for each day of active service, in excess of sixty days, in the military or naval forces of the United States after April 5, 1917, and before July 1, 1919, as shown by the service or other record of the veteran: $1.25 for each day of oversea service and $1.00 for each day of home service; but the amount of the credit of a veteran who performed no oversea service shall not exceed $500, and the amount of the credit of a veteran who performed any oversea service shall not exceed $625." It was, in the strict meaning of the word, a bonus, additional compensation.

The amount of the adjusted service credit, due the veterans in accordance with Section 201, was only about $1,500,000,000. How is the $4,000,000,000, which generally figures in public discussions, arrived at? Section 501 provides: "The Director is hereby directed to issue without cost to the veteran designated therein a non-participating adjusted service certificate . . . of a face value equal to the amount in dollars of twenty-year endowment insurance that the amount of his adjusted service credit increased by 25 percent would purchase . . . if applied as a net single premium." This stepping-up process resulted in more than doubling the amount due under Section 201. Up to June 30, 1931, applications granted aggregated $3,607,007,836, of which $3,562,568,587 were in the form of twenty-year endowment policies.

Veteran costs now account for close to 25 percent of federal expenses. Any reader wishing for real information on what veterans are annually extracting from the rest of the country is earnestly referred to the "Annual Report of the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs" for the year 1931. On page 139 he will find obligations of the Veterans' Administration from all appropriations, by purpose, totaling $1,038,558,010, of which the principal items are:

Salaries, etc.	$ 57,031,000
Military and Naval Compensation	249,698,000
Army and Navy Pensions	234,176,000
Military and Naval Insurance	117,977,000
Government Life Insurance Fund	59,111,000
Adjusted Service Compensation (the Bonus)	224,000,000
Other Items	96,565,000
Total	$1,038,558,000

From this total should be subtracted certain non-veteran items, leaving a net amount of $952,000,000, which is 23 percent of the $4,091,598,000 spent by the government for all purposes, excluding trust funds. Over a period of several years, veteran expenses have increased with a persistency that is eloquent testimony to the efficiency of their lobby.

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The following table shows the principal items (all figures in millions of dollars):

Fiscal Year	*Adjusted Service Certificates Fund*	*Pensions*	*Veterans Bureau*	*Total Three Items*
1918	.....	181	139*	
1919	.....	224	472*	696
1920	.....	215	294*	509
1921	.....	260	397*	657
1922	.....	255	482*	734
1923	.....	265	462	727
1924	.....	231	409	640
1925	100	219	385	704
1926	120	209	405	734
1927	116	231	391	738
1928	112	230	401	743
1929	112	231	417	760
1930	112	220	447	779
1931	224	236	492	952
1932	200	——784**——		984

* Disbursements made by Veterans Bureau.
**Veterans' Administration.

If we add to these impressive totals the bonuses as paid by states and the proceeds obtained directly from the general public through annual veterans' drives, the total cost since the armistice must run well over $10,000,000,000.

As regards the bonus itself, it should be carefully noted that the adjusted service called for under Section 201 has already been paid out as loans, and that what the bonus advocates are clamoring for is the excess provided for under Section 501, the section which pads $1,500,000,000 into $3,600,000,000 by a flat 25 percent increase and the insurance policy device. The lesser amount has already been paid out in loans, and there is not a shadow of evidence for the idea that the additional provided for under Section 501 is due now rather than in 1945. As regards the government insurance, which your correspondent asserts is "a gift or bonus to the nation," this is no more the government's property than the policy reserves of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The assets in the fund (which on December 31, 1930, amounted to $490,016,984) are the property of the policy holders. Incidentally, this private property has been by generosity of Congress loaned out to holders of the Adjusted Service Certificates.

A very strong case can be made out for generosity toward the men who were disabled as a result of the risks of war. Consultation of pages 12-27 and pages 57 and 82 in the above Report will show that a great deal has already been done for them. (In fact, more than half the patients in government hospitals are receiving treatment for conditions not connected with the war at all.) A great deal could be said for special relief to veteran victims of the present unemployment crisis. But your correspondent is not appealing for either of these classes as such and does not even mention them once in her letter. She demands a bonus for all veterans as veterans, for those who survived the risks of war. The United States is faced with the greatest crisis in its history. Thirteen million men are out of work, with as many more dependent on them for the necessities of life. These unemployed, as unemployed, have a far more valid moral claim on the nation than have the veterans as veterans.

VICTOR VON SZELISKI.

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: Apropos of the "Layman's Plaint," which seems to have irrepressible vitality, may I voice the preacher's plaint? I do this not in a spirit of retaliation or self-justification, but in the hope that I may contribute to the mutual understanding and tolerance that should exist between the pulpit and the pew.

There have been many books and articles written on how to give a sermon; there ought to be something written on how to listen to a sermon. It is common for the audience to look at the preacher and criticize his preaching. How about the preacher for a change looking at the congregation and criticizing their listening.

If it is often true that the preacher is hard to hear because perhaps he has a low voice, careless enunciation and the like, it is also often true that people will crowd the rear of a church rather than come up to the front where it would be easy to hear.

If it is true that many preachers are uninteresting, it is equally true that many in the congregation are uninterested. The attitude that one brings to a classroom, a lecture hall or a church is important. One who listens with attention will get much more out of what is said than one who listens listlessly. People do not get more out of sermons often because they do not put more into them.

If it is true that many preachers are too old-fashioned, it is also true that many in the congregation are too modern, too much a part of the changing world and too little interested in the eternal truths. This much we know, that a preacher can be unpopular with certain people if he has the courage to attack the worldliness by which they live and to insist on truths as old-fashioned as Christ Himself.

If it is true that many preachers are too childish in handling their subjects, it is also true that many people are lacking in that childlike quality of soul demanded by the Master. If one listened with humility to God's word spoken from the pulpit, no matter how simple the sermon is, he will get good from it. There is a thought for the listener in the fact that it is easier to preach to saints than it is to sinners.

In a recent issue of *Tabernacle and Purgatory*, there is an account of a Swiss peasant, Nicholas Wolf, who possessed the gift of healing. On one occasion when asked to cast out a devil from a woman, he first prayed that God would command the evil spirit to tell how the devils seduce mankind. Among other things the devil had this to say: "Toward those who listen to sermons we act thus: To prominent people we say, 'Why do you go to the sermon? You know well enough what your duties are. Nor must you believe all that you hear there; that is only for simple, ignorant people, to deceive them and keep them under control.' With common people we strive to make them attend without sufficient preparation in order that the words may enter at one ear and go out at the other. If people would hear sermons with proper preparation and humility, their benefit and our harm would be incalculable."

REV. WALTER E. CROARKIN.

Tucson, Ariz.

TO the Editor: Some time ago a Sister wrote, objecting to so many letters appearing in THE COMMONWEAL or, it may be, to the length of them. I was going to write to tell the editor that I regarded some of the letters the best part of the review, but somebody got there ahead of me. I never wrote a

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letter to the editor before, except to send in my yearly subscription.

I have been much interested in the "Layman's Plaint," and I want to add my complaint that the preaching today is not what it should be. The fault is with both the seminary and the priest himself. It should be the ambition of every priest to be a holy and a learned man. To be a good preacher belongs to the very idea of his vocation. This notion should be inculcated and insisted on during the days of his preparation for the priesthood.

Like some of the preaching, I find some of the letters in THE COMMONWEAL hard to understand, and I wonder what they are all about. Not so long ago I entertained two Jesuit Fathers and I complained of this. For their entertainment, I began reading to them some of the so-called literature of today, and they agreed with me that they couldn't make it out.

Now comes Loretta Reilly. I would like to know Loretta, for I am sure that she is a pleasant soul. I read one of her letters a few weeks ago and another one today in THE COMMONWEAL and, though I had a college education, I couldn't follow Loretta in all her rambling. However I was able to make out that she is a friend of her padre and that she likes his preaching, in fact that she has often heard worse.

I see an article by Dr. John Ryan in THE COMMONWEAL as I am writing this and I am going to read what he has to say about "Prohibition and Intolerance." I tried to read those on the Irish land problems. When half through, I gave up in despair. Then came the letters, and they were more unintelligible than the articles.

I have been thinking about these matters for a long time. Some other fellows have been doing the same thing, but they wouldn't have the nerve to tell you.

Recently I read a letter which was written by a man named Walsh and came from Washington, D. C. If I had had his exact address, I would have written him a letter of congratulations.

He said that he gave an article, which appeared in one of our Catholic publications, to fourteen men all of whom were educated. He asked the editor to take his word for that. The article in question was written by Mr. Chesterton. It was something about Christmas. Not one of them was able to understand what it was all about. The plea of Mr. Walsh was, if a man is really so learned as people say he is, why can't the matter be presented so that even men, who have no college education, can grasp the idea of the writer, if he has one to convey.

One day, when I was a little boy I heard my mother say that "he is good man, for the tokens were on him as a boy." I was too young to comprehend what she meant. Then I heard my father say that "it is a mean man who muzzles the ox that treads its own corn." I didn't fathom the depths of that remark either.

But as I grew older and became educated, my father and mother didn't perpetrate any more conundrums like these on me. I am wondering why other people persist in writing so many things which one finds so hard to understand.

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that I have written a good deal for my first time. This will probably be the last time too, for I am a busy man and I don't find much leisure for letters such as this.

A FRIEND OF THE COMMONWEAL.

Editors' Note: Herewith this discussion is closed, to the delight of some readers and the sorrow of others.

THE CHURCH AND CRIME

Kalamazoo, Mich.

TO the Editor: Father McCaffrey deserved praise for facing so frankly the fact of Catholics in prison. But his article suggests two considerations which he did not take up.

(1) In the light of previous discussions in THE COMMONWEAL on the untrustworthiness of statistics regarding Catholic population, how does Father McCaffrey know that the Catholic percentage of prison inmates is practically the same as the Catholic percentage of the general population from which the prisoners are drawn; to know this, he must know the Catholic population.

(2) According to Father McCaffrey, those of no religion received at Sing Sing between July 1, 1931, and June 30, 1932, numbered ½ of 1 percent of the total received during that time. Even without an accurate religious census, would it not be safe to assume that those of no religion numbered at least 10 percent of the total population from which Sing Sing draws its inmates? (The so-called Federal Census of Religions for 1926 credits all religions in New York State with 6,799,146, and the state census of 1925 gives a total population of 11,162,151.) If this be so, then those of no religion made a much better showing relatively than Catholics, or Protestants, or even Jews. Why?

JEREMIAH O'BRIEN.

THE "CORPUS JURIS"

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In reference to the communication on the "Corpus Juris" in THE COMMONWEAL of November 23, your readers will be glad to know that there now exists an English translation of the "Corpus Juris." The translation has just been released by the Central Trust Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, under the title, "The Civil Law," by S. P. Scott.

The work is in seventeen volumes and costs $100.

Volume 1 contains the Twelve Tables, the Institutes of Gaius, the Rules of Ulpian, and the Opinions of Paul.

Volumes 2-11 contain the Institutes and the Digest of Justinian.

Volumes 12-17 contain the Code and the Novels of Justinian, and the Constitutions of the Emperor Leo.

The value of an English translation of the "Corpus Juris" can hardly be sufficiently emphasized, affording as it does access to the monumental work of Justinian. The present translation, by an American, offers a rare opportunity to the American Bar and American Law Schools, and should constitute a lasting tribute to the memory of Mr. Scott.

JOHN MCDILL FOX.

THE BABY RACKET

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: "The Baby Racket," December 14, was very interesting. I would like to tell you something of the "baby racket" in the eighties and nineties.

Our own home was the place. The family doctor—the best—charged $100 or less. A monthly nurse—the best—was paid $50.00 a month and was usually kept for six weeks. The mother remained on the same floor for a month or six weeks, and nursed her own baby at least three months. Two hundred dollars would cover all expenses. Mother and baby came out as well as the present day. Hospital cases cost one-fifth the present price.

I am now eighty years old, feel pretty well and am able to enjoy my family: seven children, eleven grandchildren, and sons- and daughters-in-law. Thank God for all His blessings!

THE MOTHER OF TEN.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Lucrece

BOTH art and artifice can be made to serve unhappy purposes and thus violate their own best natures. There is no question of the beauty of Katharine Cornell's production of "Lucrece." Thornton Wilder's translation of André Obey's original is a thing of dignity and, at times, of true grandeur. Robert Edmond Jones's collonade setting is superb. The last half of the play itself attains the true tragic proportion without seeming effort and with devastating honesty. But the exceedingly literal scene which closes the first half, in which Tarquin violates the honor of Collatine's wife, has no proper place on the stage. It is in execrable taste, no matter how great the poetic beauty of some of its lines, and no matter how completely the cloak of art may be supposed to sublimate its grossness. It is simply a bit of erotic realism introduced into a play which, otherwise, is conspicuously legendary and symbolic and treated with an abstraction almost Sophoclean.

One must remember that in all other respects the play is presented in a highly stylized fashion, with Robert Jones's one collonade setting, with two masked figures acting as narrators, almost in the manner of a Greek chorus, with much pantomime, during which the narrators take up the story and even the dialogue of the play, and with a costuming that has no contact with reality. Into this atmosphere of remote tragedy, the scene of the violation of Lucrece crashes with about the appropriateness of a bed-room farce. The trappings of art do not alter such matters. They merely make the lack of taste and judgment more conspicuous. It is far better, then, to pass over this mistake of the first part in favor of the magnificent second half with its hot breath of tragic doom and terrible retribution.

Curiously enough, many of the critics seem to have found this second half dull. Yet it is filled not only with some of the finest poetry that Wilder has ever essayed, but also with some of the very best acting of Miss Cornell's career and with some overpoweringly fine declamation by Blanche Yurka as one of the masked narrators—the one who speaks, it seems, for all the women of the world.

Whereas the first half of the play is merely story, the second half takes on the stature of vast abstract forces drawn from the bosom of pain itself. Nor is the abstraction cold and too lofty. It is the abstraction of universal truths immediately and warmly expressed in individuals. Much of its power derives from the admirable restraint of Miss Cornell herself, and from the blazing indignation and searching pity of Miss Yurka's narrator.

In paying full tribute to that which deserves it, one must not forget the appropriate music by Deems Taylor, the rôle of the second narrator as taken by Robert Lorraine, the forceful dignity of Pedro de Cordoba as the greatly injured Collatine, nor the spirited Brutus of Charles Waldron. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

Teatro dei Piccoli

AMONG the more alluring offerings of a season that has already established itself as several paces ahead of last year must be included Vittorio Podrecca's famous marionettes. Those who know most about the obedient little puppets are anxious to admit that Podrecca has brought the art of wire-pulling illusion to its highest point. His program, in three parts, certainly offers enough of variety, including an operatic production of the "Barber of Seville." A bull that laughs in the course of a bull fight is another novelty. The main point is that everyone who thinks his enjoyment of the theatre is based upon realism or upon the personality of actors should submit, at least once in his life, to the ensnaring illusion of expert marionettes. He will then admit far more readily that the illusion of the theatre comes chiefly from within himself, that the audience is the most living part of any play, on stage or screen, and that actors, unless they be true creative artists, are little more than symbols of the interior picture formed by the audience itself. To learn that is to learn much about the age-old mystery of the theatre. (At the Lyric Theatre.)

Hampden's Cyrano Again

IT IS good to have Walter Hampden again playing his familiar rôle of the white-plumed Cyrano. The play, and Mr. Hampden's playing of Rostand's hero, require nothing new by way of review. But the perennial vigor of the play and the hold it has established on American audiences do stir one to a word of tribute to Mr. Hampden's faith in romance. There is something of the spirit of Cyrano in Mr. Hampden himself, in his long and successful battle for the honor and decency and potential beauty of the theatre, and in his refusal, at any cost, to yield one small measure of his idealism. His own faith has kept alive the faith of many others. (At the New Amsterdam Theatre.)

Radio City Glorifies Vaudeville

THE MAGNIFICENCES of radio city have been unfolding themselves during the last week to almost bewildered audiences. There is something quixotic, and certainly something of fine adventure, in the determination of the sponsors of this vast project to carry through a program conceived in far different times. It would be hard to count all that radio city has meant in human terms to those who have found employment in its building and in preparing for the vast programs of entertainment it is now presenting. Let that stand as an unqualified tribute.

If the project is destined for success, however, there are adjustments still to be made between seriously conflicting program elements. At the present moment, for example, there is an attempt to enlist art in the form of dance programs by Harald Kreutzberg and Martha Graham, and, at the same time, to glorify the stupid mediocrity of hoofers and monologists of the classic vaudeville variety, not to mention an excursion into the operatic realm by presenting a tabloid version of "Carmen."

The transitions are too abrupt. Highbrow and lowbrow rub shoulders, but with their backs to each other. I am a firm believer in the possibility of blending apparently incongruous forms of amusement. But there must be flow and rhythm to the blending, and an uncompromising sincerity. "Carmen," for example, cannot be half opera and half spangled ballet.

The most exciting prospects in radio city are, as yet, the unrealized ones—variety, if you will, but with the curious unity which comes from a showmanship of unquestioned in-

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tegrity. Showmanship that results in mere love of lavish display will not do the trick.

Il Signor Bruschino

IT HAS taken Rossini's comic opera in one act, "Il Signor Bruschino," exactly 119 years to reach New York, for it was first presented in Venice in 1813. Yet the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House took it at once to its heart. It is a very charming, amusing and melodious little work about which little can be said at this late day except that it reminds one strongly of "The Barber of Seville." The Metropolitan gave it a very capable performance, if not a perfect one, but a perfect one would perhaps be impossible with the singers of today.

Yet Mr. De Luca's Bruschino and Mr. Pinza's impersonation of the girl's father were pretty nearly in the absolute manner required of singers of Rossini's music. Miss Fleischer was also very good indeed as Sofia. Mr. Tokatyan was not quite as much in his element as the lover, for his music needs the mastery of a Bonci. Mr. Serafin gave a sprightly reading of the score.

"Il Signor Bruschino" was in addition a very effective curtain-raiser for the somber tragedy of "Elektra."

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Swan Out of Water

(Public Gardens, Boston)

They float, they glide, they bend and beck,
  Flowering from that they travel in,
Each preening, poising head and neck
  A sentient snaky javelin;

Each body like a feathered cloud,
  A coracle of snowy foam. . . .
But why is this strange fowl allowed
  To tread upon the turfy loam?

The lines of neck and back and breast
  Reveal a beauty more than human;
The rolling gait would, at the best,
  Disgrace a Negro washerwoman.

Can this be kin to those that glide
  Serenely on the silky waters?
This thing of waddling ursine stride
  Be also one of Leda's daughters?

Back to your silver-curtained bay,
  With shambling step and plantigrade,
Descend upon your feet of clay;
  No more these lyric shores invade,

Lest Venus rising from the sea
  Cause me to wonder if the spray
Caressing either ivory knee
  Hid mud-hued limbs, feet webbed and splay!

Lethe dissolve thy memory,
  O archangelic platipod,
Lest in my dreams again I see
  An elephantiasic god!

KENNETH W. PORTER.

BOOKS

When It Rained Money

God's Gold: The Story of Rockefeller and His Times, by John T. Flynn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THIS is the first biography of Rockefeller. Miss Tarbell's masterly work was a history of the Standard Oil Company, and Henry Demarest Lloyd wrote not as a biographer but rather as a detective making his report on crimes hitherto only known by rumor. Mr. Flynn credits himself, justly, with that impartiality which formerly was the attribute of good biography, though Mr. Strachey's herd of poor imitators have decidedly de-Boswellized that art for this generation—a craze which is passing, luckily.

What is still better, Mr. Flynn has done a vast amount of research and has done it with an open mind. If there is any nook into which he has not reached for material, it can only be due to human limitations; and he has weighed all he found with a determination, in the words of the old prohibitionist campaign ballad, to "turn not to the right, turn not to the left, but keep in the middle of the king's highway." His book is neither against nor for Rockefeller, though that fact does not prevent him from expressing his conclusions favorable or unfavorable about each event.

To this generation Rockefeller is an amiable old gentleman who plays golf and gives money in great quantities to whatever thing (almost always incorporated) that strikes his fancy or the fancy of his salaried almoners. Mr. Flynn correctly says that the old custom of writing no biography until the subject is good and dead does not apply here, because so far as history is concerned Rockefeller finished his life at least fifteen years ago and is for the rest of it a retired country gentleman like others of that ilk. Therefore, to a generation accustomed to this stagnant and rather pleasing person, there is something irreconcilable in Mr. Flynn's picture of the earlier Rockefeller, the climbing and achieving Rockefeller, the genius of daring forays and the general of furious campaigns and great pitched battles; masterly in conception, ruthless in execution. Yet that was Rockefeller.

Mr. Flynn's odd title is chosen, he says, for presumably he wrote the jacket, because his "central feature" is Rockefeller's "absorbing faith," which he shared with some other fortune-builders, in "some established religion." He does, indeed, try to interweave Rockefeller's religion with his battle for wealth, and his failure to make the reader visualize it is due to his own lack of dramatic sense. A more imaginative writer could do it, for the thesis is true. But all Mr. Flynn can do is to reiterate that Rockefeller was very religious, and his attempts at bringing that fact home to the reader consist in such ineffective scenarios as imagining just what passages of Scripture Rockefeller read whenever he had just routed a foe or made another million. It is the Samuel Hopkins Adams method, only Adams does produce an illusion on the reader's imagination and Mr. Flynn has no such power; in his case you can see the machinery and hear the wheels creak.

This lack of the dramatic sense may be held to account for Mr. Flynn's sketchy flight over some of the most dramatic events in Rockefeller's life. To take one—and, to avoid the inevitable come-back, it must be insisted that this is only one out of many—the sensational and still thrilling story of the Pittsburgh strike in 1877 is dismissed so briefly that a reader uninformed of history gets no impression of it at all. But

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Mr. Flynn here has the defense that it, and other spectacular events, are properly part of the history of the Standard Oil rather than of the man Rockefeller. Technically it is a good defense, or would be if it were not evident through the book that the author has no dramatic skill. He proves it when he really does try to draw a lifelike portrait of a man like Tom Scott. But this first life of Rockefeller will be a storehouse for future historians, and is a mine for present-day readers as well, provided they read for information rather than to while away hours as they might do with—we shall not say Strachey, but such un-Strachey biographers as Colonel Fuller or Florence MacCunn.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

Mississippi America

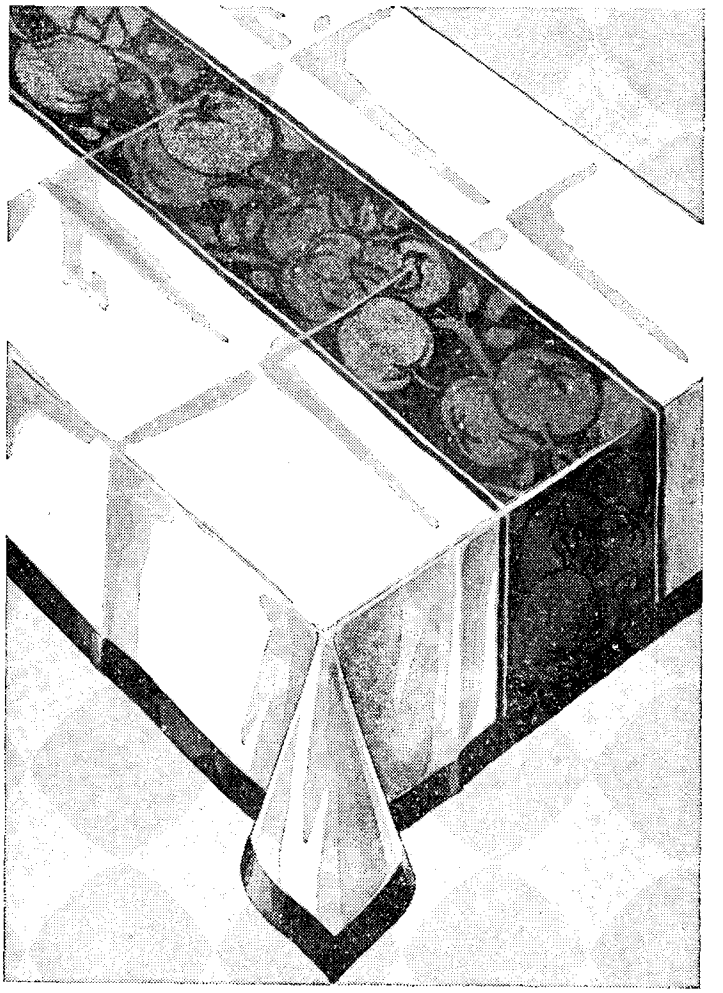
Mark Twain's America, by Bernard De Voto. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $4.00.

I FIND in this thoroughly interesting and revealing book but two things to condemn. One is the element of controversy which lends unfortunately a childish aspect to a serious and important study. Granted that Mr. De Voto's interpretation of Samuel Clemens as the vigorous product of his Missouri environment of the middle nineteenth century is far more tenable than that of other critics who see in him a frustrated genius, it is nevertheless extremely disconcerting to have mudballs slung so often and alas! so petulantly at his former biographers and interpreters. Criticism or rather attack of this sort always weakens any argument, for, by its very lack of dignity, it invariably destroys confidence in the validity of the position supported by the critic himself.

The second outstanding fault is that of style. More than occasionally the sentences are involved, heavy, at time unwieldy. There is an academic element in their construction which seems more than once out of place in this subject-matter. The effect now and then of the diction recalls Cowley's adjectives descriptive of his own learning, which, he is grateful to say, was "enamelled, not embossed" on his mind. Mr. De Voto's adjectives are sometimes of the embossed variety. They stare at one from the page and call one's attention from the matter at hand, like an overdressed woman in a quiet and cultivated group of people.

Nevertheless, the virtues of Mr. De Voto's book far overbalance its shortcomings. It is far more than a criticism, an interpretation of Mark Twain, more than an interpretation of that part of Southwestern America drained by the Mississippi. It is a text-book of social history, fascinatingly told; it is a study in anthropology; it is a revelation of frontier religion; it is physiology, sociology, physiography, all in one. To me at least it held surprises manifold and sufficiently engrossing to make impossible any pause in its consumption. It was absorbing from the first page to the last; and even then I asked for more. The succession of delusions more or less instinctive to the frontiersman; American river pirates like John A. Murrell and James Copeland, the "butcher-knife boys" of the forties and fifties; the physiology and the psychology of the squatter; the river legends of Mike Fink, half horse, half alligator, but boatman also; the magic of the slaves which gave birth to the ghost lore immortalized in "Huckleberry Finn," the rituals, incantations, omens—these have filled my willing imagination ever since.

Mr. De Voto claims in his last chapter on "Mark Twain as an American" that there is more of America in Samuel Clemens's books than in any others. Setting aside the question of



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NEXT WEEK

THE MAN WHO SAVED DEMOCRACY, by William C. Murphy, jr., recounts what a triumphant political party, that has not of recent years been favored with many triumphs by the American people, owes to a quiet man who has the habit of success. His name has practically disappeared from newspaper headlines, no doubt much to his personal satisfaction. This story by an experienced correspondent in Washington, records an intimate chapter in American history which it is well to have in the records. . . . IN AN AGE OF TRANSITION, by the Reverend Russell Wilbur, dealing with the theorem that "human nature is plastic only within rather narrow limits," observes how this affects those of us living in the present age of swift changes of the aspects of life called environment. The article is a plea for technocrats (to use a currently fashionable word) "who have some comprehension of and reverence for the traditional institutions and conventions of civilized man; who have likewise a comprehension of the limits of the psychological and ethical plasticity of human nature.". . . ATMOSPHERE IN POETRY, by Theodore Maynard, tells of one of the finer amenities of life by one who practises it. . . . THE LANDSLIDE TO UNEMPLOYMENT, by Margaret Williamsen, gives a readable digest of the statistics and facts on a subject which we have all been hearing about a great deal, namely, the increasing severity and causes of unemployment even during the so-called prosperity years. . . . BEAUNE, by Erin Samson, is a very charming evocation of a place where we find "a perfection of atmosphere that will not be conquered by time and change."

the truth of this statement, which must always rest on individual opinion, one advances the indisputable claim that in Mr. De Voto's book there is more of America than of his hero. It is for this that I think the book of great value and of unflagging interest. The frontier history of the Mississippi River and of the lands which make its borders lives for me as it has never lived before. It is a pleasure to commend this book with a sly smile, which, being interpreted, means, "You've no idea how ignorant you are or how surprised and thrilled you're going to be!"

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

The Genevan Dictator

Calvin: A Modern Biography, by Jean Moura and Paul Louvet; translated by Ida Zeitlin. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE AIM of this book is to tell about Calvin the man, not about Calvinism. It is a painstaking attempt to describe the circumstances of family and station which led to a career as coldly inflexible in its pursuit of a set purpose as any that history has to offer. That purpose the authors describe in words taken from Calvin's colloquy with Roussel. "Roussel didn't want the church destroyed but merely reformed, Calvin held out firmly for destruction." Inconsistent and irreconcilable with many of Calvin's written statements as this purpose may appear, it, nevertheless, goes far to explain the rancor and hatred which he entertained for everything Catholic. There was nothing soft in Calvin's nature and nothing mild in his theology. He was convinced that human nature was depraved and that he had a mission to curb and chastise that depravity. No attempt is made here to explain Calvin psychologically, in the modern fashion, except to refer his rancor for the Catholic Church to his unappeasable anger against those who had shamed and dishonored his father.

The facts in Calvin's life are allowed to speak for themselves and to convey their own lesson. There is no exaggeration in statement and no special pleading. Calvin is depicted as he was, a man of weak constitution, afflicted with numerous ailments, reviled and persecuted, but sustained throughout by a ruthless desire to destroy what he hated and to build up a system of theology and a church organization so diametrically opposed to the old that the new and the old could not coexist. The hardness and aloofness of Calvin's character are to some extent reflected in the pages of this book. It could hardly be otherwise. There was no blending of light and shadow in Calvin's aims or temperament but a grim and gloomy determination to attain his ends as fixed and undeviating as his own conception of predestination.

Calvin did not really come into his own until he became master of Geneva, and it was not until the man was revealed in his works that he actually appeared in his true light. This may account for the fact that by far the best chapters of the book are these which describe Calvin's philosophy of the state and society as they became actual in Geneva under the driving impulse of his inflexible will and his implacable ferocity to all who opposed him. The description of Geneva in the time of Calvin will in its main features appear rather familiar to American readers.

The book is without Introduction or Index, and there are no references to the sources from which the many quotations are taken. The translation is not always felicitous, especially in regard to proper names, which are too often given in the French form. A question which calls for a decided negative

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illustrates this fault. Speaking of the youth of Calvin the translator asks (page 11), "Was this not the epoch which produced an eighteen-year-old Pope, Agapet II, and another of ten or twelve, Benoît IX?" The book gives a more accurate portrait of Calvin at close range than any other in English.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Modern Poetic Craftsmanship

Poets and Their Art, by Harriet Monroe; new and enlarged edition. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AS EDITOR of *Poetry* Miss Monroe has achieved a reputation as the guide, philosopher and friend of many poets who, when they first knocked at the door of her sanctum, were unknown but who have since secured a measure of fame. During the past twenty years she has accepted contributions from Ezra Pound, Vachel Lindsay, Sara Teasdale and Edward Lee Masters (to name but a few), and her critical essays upon them reveal a quite understandable pride in her acumen.

She quotes Ezra Pound's words approvingly: "Poetry *is* an art, an art with a technique, with media, an art that must be in constant flux—a constant change of manner—if it is to live." Miss Monroe is an enthusiastic preacher of that gospel and she holds not only that the confines of poetry have been widened by the imagists, the writers of verse libre, and the rest, but that the new frontiers are only temporary and will assuredly give way in time. New minds, new thoughts, new feelings, new modes of utterance—they are all inevitable, and as Shelley and Swinburne refused to be limited by the metrics of Pope, so Pound and Aldington refuse to be limited by the metrics of Shelley and Swinburne. "Poetry," Miss Monroe declares, "can no more rest on the rhythmic laurels won by the great poets of the past than the sister art of music can be content forever within harmonic boundaries set by the masterpieces of Beethoven, Mozart or Brahms."

Again and again in essays captioned "Comments and Queries" and "Poetic Rhythms" Miss Monroe makes this point and defends it with vigor and considerable persuasive power. Most of her volume, however, is devoted to "certain poets of yesterday" (in which, ironically enough, she is at her best) and to "poets of today." Her appraisals of the latter are always marked by enthusiasm and sympathy and often by insight. On occasion this enthusiasm leads to surprising pronouncements, as when Miss Monroe insists that Edna St. Vincent Millay outranks not only Mrs. Browning and Emily Dickinson but Christina Rossetti, that Carl Sandburg's "finest lyrics rank, as artistic achievements, among the best in the language," that the "Spoon River Anthology" is "true and beautiful," true because it is "precisely central Illinois," and that

"I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes"

(from Sandburg's "Prairie") is a "marvellous line"! Miss Monroe is so close to those poets, so intimate with their first flights, so sympathetic with their aims, that her obvious intention to maintain a judicial attitude is forgotten in her zeal to proclaim what she sincerely believes to be their poetic virtues. When she tempers her overgenerous impulse to award ultimate honors to her contemporaries, Miss Monroe can achieve penetrating and balanced estimates such as those on Edwin Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, Elinor Wylie and Amy Lowell.

Lovers of poetry are indebted to Miss Monroe for these spirited appraisals, but most of all for the time and effort she has given to the furtherance of poetry as an art in this country.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

"Liturgy is certainly a sacred thing; for by it we are elevated to God and joined with Him; by it we give testimony of our faith and bind ourselves to Him in most solemn homage for benefits and assistance received, of which we are constantly in need."—Pope Pius XI (*Apostolic Constitution* of December 20, 1928).

ORATE FRATRES

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The Last of the Signers

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, 1737-1832, by Joseph Gurn. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $3.50.

THE CENTENNIAL of Charles Carroll's death is the occasion for this well-written, interesting, informal, popular story of his life by Joseph Gurn. There is little new in this book, but the materials of Carrollton's life already known by students and Marylanders are made easily available. However, it was not intended as a research volume. The text would be easier reading if the names of authors and the titles of books were transferred to notes in the appendix. And for the historian, there is some slight exaggeration of the rôle Carroll played in French affairs and his narrow escape from the presidency of Congress under the Articles of Confederation. John Jay did not sign the Declaration of Independence. This is not a new biography, nor would a conservative, honorable gentleman like Carroll of Carrollton without a touch of scandal or corruption be a suitable subject for the new biographer who must have spice. On the other hand, the biographer has not forgotten Carroll in writing a survey of his time.

One sees Charles Carroll in the schools of Flanders and Paris, in the Inns of Court, as a Marylander manorial lord, as a patriot, as a political force leading Maryland to rebellion, as an emissary of Congress to Quebec, as a signer of the Declaration of Independence, as a member of the Continental Congress, as a delegate in the Maryland Senate, and as a retired Federalist after the Republican revolution of 1800. Carroll was more than a millionaire land-holder and business man, he was a philosophical scholar who saw the vision of the West. Hence he was interested in the development of communications with the interior. As he turned the first shovelful of earth on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, he looked from the provincial days in the British Empire into the new industrial era. A conservative, he disliked Jefferson and was opposed to the War of 1812. A recognized, if not always an active, Catholic, Carroll believed in Catholic education, suffered for the Faith, aided French emigrés, assisted in the foundation of Georgetown College and St. Charles' College, urged the religious claims of the Indians, rejoiced in British Catholic Emancipation, practically built the Catholic church in Annapolis, and encouraged his descendants to continue in the fold despite their successful Anglican marriages in Maryland and Pennsylvania and into the English nobility. The fireside career of Carroll is charmingly related from American and European travelers' accounts. Carroll, it will be remembered, entertained well at Doughoregan Manor, and his visitors were of all classes and races. The whole story is told by the author as far as it has ever been told, but one wonders why Carroll refused to attend the Constitutional Convention (1787), why he and Bishop Carroll were not closer associates, and how this Marylander with one-fourth Irish blood retained so much interest in Ireland.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Roughing It

Pioneer Days in Arizona, by Frank C. Lockwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

ARIZONA antiquities are a hobby with Dr. Lockwood, and there is the bonhomie of the amateur as well as careful study in the present volume. It is a curious megrim of come-and-go that this youngest of the United States should show the geological and archaeological wrinkles of a past as old as the hills, and expose, as neatly as in a museum case, the parallel confluence of prehistoric Indian, Old Spanish and North Amer-

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ican civilizations. The cliff-dwelling Indians of the Southwest have a culture history that Edgar Lee Hewett reckons as reaching back to a very remote time, possibly before the tenth century of our era. By good luck, the original Spanish conquistadors who established white supremacy found only maize and bean fields instead of golden Cibolas, and kept their blunderbusses on their shoulders—an example Aristotle might have used for his ethical speculation on the Greek poet's saying that the useless may be a great good. But there were the padres, too, and especially Father Eusebio Kino (Chini), who came upon the scene early and saved the natives from slavery and plunder. This extraordinary Italian was not only a priest of the most high-minded honor and virtue, but an explorer and scientist of the first rank.

The greater part of Dr. Lockwood's book deals with American settlement and occupation of the country. Kit Carson and other daring hunters and trappers were on the ground some time before Congressman Abe Lincoln lashed Polk and Manifest Destiny in a stinging speech in the House. Lincoln, as President, signed the bill that made Arizona a territory. From the Civil War until 1912, when it was admitted to the Union, the new American possession had the strenuous, often heroic, pioneer experience of finding itself. Indian warfare, bad men, transportation difficulties, and other problems made life somewhat primitive and risky. The military and engineering coöperation of Washington was helpful, if occasionally slow, in bringing along its federal fledgling, but it has probably been the notable private enterprise of citizens like Poston, Hayden, Murphy and George W. P. Hunt that has done most to bring the state to its present position.

In Dr. Lockwood's book, the reader will find, side by side with a chronicle that reads in places like a Leatherstocking Tale, many delightfully told anecdotes that deserve a permanent file in our Americana.

DOUGLAS POWERS.

Defining Immortality

Issues of Immortality, by Corliss Lamont. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

"THE OBJECT of this book is not to prove or disprove any idea of immortality, but to analyze certain definitions and descriptions of immortality, together with some of the supporting arguments. The aim is to trace the implications of these descriptions and arguments; to discover their full and exact logical consequences." This purpose has been admirably fulfilled. Certainly anyone dealing with immortality as a professor of theology or of philosophy, or as a preacher, will find this excellent compendium very helpful. And to the intelligent general reader it will open up vast fields of thought.

Professor Lamont seems inclined to Aristotelianism, and so to be close to the Scholastics. It is interesting to note his conclusion: "A worth-while future life must meet the Aristotelian requirement of a soul-body union, not to mention a form-matter one," and consequently "the idea of personal immortality best fits in with the general position of the traditionalists such as the Catholics and Fundamentalists." On the last page, the author points out the desirability of a complete philosophical treatment of immortality that would be critical and unbiased, and would utilize the methods and results of modern science. As Professor Lamont has made such an auspicious beginning, we hope that he will have the opportunity of devoting himself to this wider task.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

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Briefer Mention

Mush, You Malemutes!, by Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J. New York: The America Press. $3.00.

FATHER HUBBARD'S articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* introduced a modern, human, energetic missionary to the Alaskan Indians. He is an excellent storyteller, and the glamor of life in the frozen North is still strong enough to hold people's attention. It was a happy thought on the part of America Press to think of reprinting these articles, together with some of the best pictures taken by Father Hubbard. The book makes an appealing gift, particularly to the young; and we hope that many, many copies of it will be sold throughout the United States.

The Complete Works of Michael Fairless. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

"THE ROADMENDER," the story of a modern mystic perhaps not orthodox in every sense and yet of value to Christians, earned renown for the little woman who wrote it and whose name in real life was Margaret Fairless Barber. This tale is here reprinted with other stories, the best of which is probably the "Gathering of Brother Hilarius." She was not so great an artist as was Rilke, but the two had much in common. There is a biographical note by M. E. Dowson.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE COMMONWEAL has a very particular reason for appreciating the vogue of Dr. Munthe's book, for it was here that the first—and for quite a while the only—serious review appeared. Today the volume is so well established that the publishers can afford to issue a special "gift edition" attractively printed and bound, at a reasonable price. As a consequence even modest purses can afford to purchase for some friend a gift sure to be appreciated. This is, above all, a deeply human narrative—wise, kindly, reminiscent, and richly flavored with experience.

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